

dec 1984

A guide to CITR fm 102
CABLE 100

NO 4

DiScORDER



..in this issue..

- The Warehouse Show ..
- The Wallers
- No Fun
- Shindig

MOUNTAIN BIKE FUNNIES

BY IAN VERHERE ©1984

YOUR TURN MAN,
THIS IS PATHETIC!

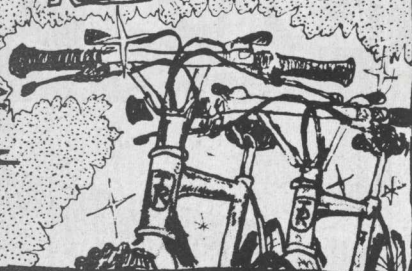


I GUESS THAT'S WHY
THEY CALL IT BORED
SAILING. WE NEED
SOMETHING EXCITING.
YOU KNOW, LIKE
"ACTION PACKED!"



SHAZAM

WOW A COUPLE
OF
RITCHY'S



RIGHT ON
BUT
WHERE DID THEY
COME FROM?

FROM ME - RAS RITCHY - THE PATRON
SAINT OF OFF-ROAD BICYCLING. FOLLOW
ME, BOYS - YOU SNOOZE... YOU LOOSE!



WHAT THE...
NEVER MIND -
LET'S GO



HEY - WHERE'D HE GO?

YIKES! LOOK AT
THIS CLIFF!



GOOD LUCK!



WHO WAS THAT
DREADLOCKED
MAN?

HEY -
DON'T WE GET A
SILVER BULLET OR
SOMETHING?



RITCHY

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689-5071

BIKES ON BROADWAY
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874-8611

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OVERHEARD

.....AT AMERICA'S LUNCH COUNTERS

©1984
SUSAN
CATHERINE



"I just wanted to see if that tasted like what I thought it did."



"Wow yesterday I got salad dressing on my sleeve! And I said, wow I've got salad dressing on my sleeve!"



"Don't talk to me right now, Cookie. I'm trying to remember how many times I went to the bathroom yesterday."

DISCORDER

DISCORDER
c/o CTR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5
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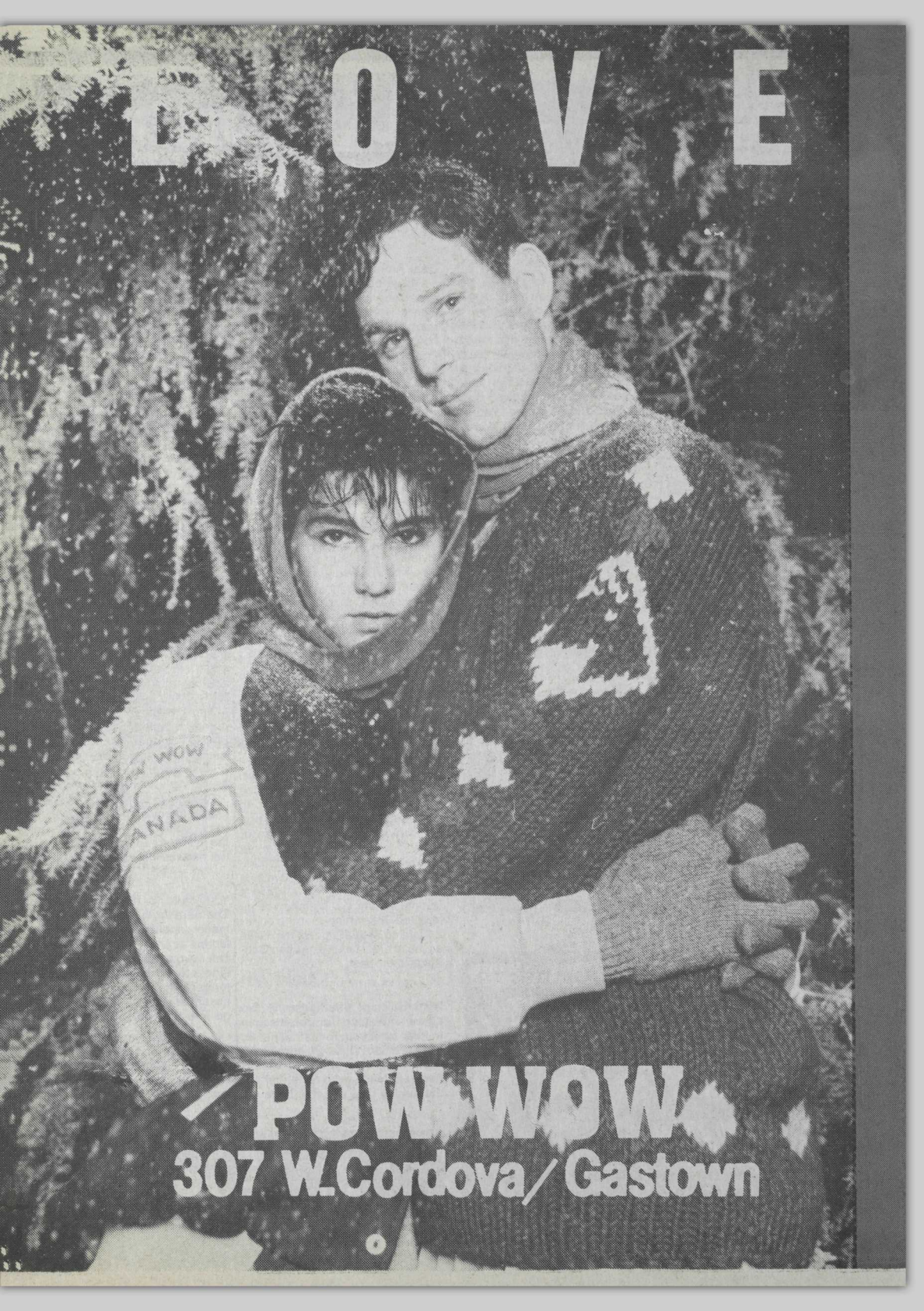
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Sam the Record Man

LOVE



POW WOW
307 W. Cordova / Gastown

Dear Airhead,

The misogyny that is so evident in DISCORDER only serves to turn people away from CTR—people who otherwise might be interested in alternative music.

Almost all of the albums mentioned in DISCORDER are from all-male bands. Most of the writing is by men and about men. Females are rarely mentioned, and if they are it's usually a put-down to build up the ego of the writer.

And why do the CTR airplay lists include such a low percentage of bands with one or more female members? The inequality of the CTR lists (albums and singles) is as extreme as those of the most sexist mainstream radio stations.

So why should a person who believes in equality be interested in listening to CTR when you obviously offer so much of the same discrimination that we get everywhere else?

Adele Hawley

Okay, let's deal with these observations and conjectures one by one. First off, CTR and DISCORDER are not misogynist media. We do not promote nor do we intend to promote hatred or distrust of women. We like women. We like men too.



AIRHEAD

c/o CTR Radio
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V6T 2A5

Further, we try to choose programming based on merit, not on gender—and we do play lots of music by female artists. But let's face it, there are more male recording artists than female, simply because too many otherwise talented female musicians allow themselves to be dragged down and discouraged by the false and outmoded notion that popular music is a "man's game." It doesn't have to be but women must continue to take the initiative, because the most that men can do is offer encouragement.

Finally, if you are sick and tired of men writing about men, we invite you to do some writing for DISCORDER. Please, if you are serious about this, you will act. We're waiting.

Dear Airhead,

I have been wanting to write in ever since all the reaction to Greg Rum's letter to you a few issues back. I thought the time was right now that I see a review of the new Portion Control album *Step Forward* in the latest issue of DISCORDER. I am a dedicated listener and for me "industrial music" does not present any problems. I agree with Greg that your station and a lot of people in general are failing to take notice of an innovative, exciting new type of music. How an album like *Severed Heads Since the Accident* could immediately be filed in your library without ever being played I'll never know. Around the time of the Greg Rum controversy I remember reading a review of Nocturnal Emissions *Drowning in a Sea of Bliss* by Steve Robertson. This appeared to me to be a vain attempt to show your willingness to give this type of music a chance. However, had you listened to Nocturnal Emissions latest release *Viral Shedding* and reviewed it I'm sure your review would've been different.

About the Portion Control review there were a few points made I agree with but also a few things I don't. First, *Step Forward* is not a waste of time or money. Although the album may not be as good as some of their other material they still remain one of the most exciting bands in England. The new album is not boring, homogenized, disappointing, or limp. It is a hundred times more valuable than the new Bowie album.

I was glad to read that *Stimulate Sensual* is one of the reviewer's favorite albums but he might be interested in listening to the album *I Staggered Mentally* or *Hitt the Pulse* as these are, I believe, Portion Control at their best.

R. Birmingham

Regardless of whether or not we agree on Portion Control, it's nice to hear from you. Industrial music is on the rise! I heartily agree with everything else you said except *Severed Heads* (who no longer get the airplay they deserve because

some kind soul ripped off CTR's copy). Oh well, good taste in music, bad taste in role models. *Step Forward* is growing on me, but I remain highly suspicious of the direction they are taking; and comparing Portion Control to Bowie is a bit unfair to both, don't you think?

—L.T.

I continue to hear from numerous people that *Viral Shedding* is a far more worthwhile effort than *Drowning in a Sea of Bliss*. While I still maintain that the latter is poor value for the layman dollar, I willingly look forward to hearing *Viral Shedding*.

—S.R.

In response to the query regarding the propriety of personal mail rearing its intimate head in this column, specifically correspondence addressed to one Chris Dafee in the last month's issue, I'd just like to say... well, Chris doesn't know if he's ready to get married. Further personal mail should be addressed to:

Dear Chris
6138 SUB Blvd.
UBC, V6T 2A5

Hey, we're all friends aren't we?

Dear Airhead,

Your rag smells worse than the garbage that's been sitting in our kitchen for the last month and a half. The only thing DISCORDER is good for is killing flies and starting fires.

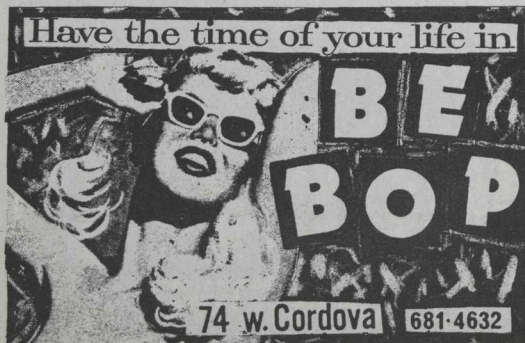
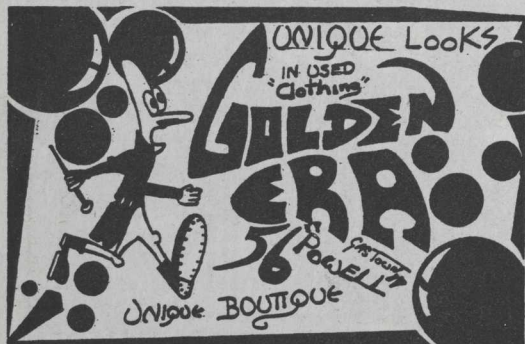
The THNCK OF THE NIGHT is a putrid example of a Hollywood-style gossip column. Congratulations Ammo, for dropping more names in one sentence than (I am sure) has ever before been accomplished.

Please hurry December's issue as I have already burned the November issue along with Guy Fawkes, and the flies are getting way out of control here at the Plaza.

Scary Failure

You asked for it, well here it is... The all-new, highly inflammable, insect repellent DISCORDER with lemon scent. And get this...you can even eat it, with few resulting side effects. DISCORDER is no longer simply a magazine, it's an essential survival tool. Don't ever go into the woods without one.

Oh, by the way, how's this? There was Dancer and Prancer and Cancer and Vixen, Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen. Quite a few, eh?

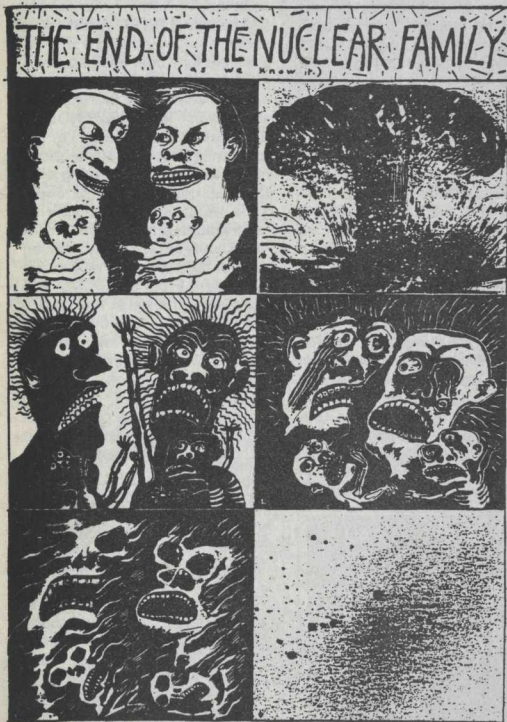


THE
BlackBook

BUNKER BEAT



Picture this if you will. You are sitting at home watching a repeat of a rerun when suddenly your television begins to whine and an air-raid siren starts to howl. As fast as you can, you enter the nearest fallout shelter, only to discover it is occupied by a bunch of clean cut youths dancing around to the latest top forty hit. Looking at your watch, you decide you have enough time to race back to your place and grab some records of your own. But you only have time to pick out ten records. The only ten records that you will have to play for at least 15 years. Which records will they be???????????



duced by John Leckie. Song titles tell the story of this album: "That Fatal Day," "In a Crowded Room," "Another Man's Sin," "Heaven," "Total Corruption," and the list goes on.

Red - King Crimson. Just a personal favourite. The album influenced my musical taste when I heard it in 1979. I went into music heavily. I like every song and named my cat after "Providence" which in turn was named after a hilarious movie starring Dirk Bogarde who will play Robert Fripp in my upcoming film.

Secondhand Daylight - Magazine. Another album of major influence. When I first heard "Back to Nature" in my friends' van outside at Langara's parking lot, I was transplanted into the 1980s from 1967. The album is a gradual build into demoteness.

801 Live - Phil Manzanera. All-star cast. Great Eno influence and the record was a steal at \$1.95. A great rendition of "Third Uncle" and "East of Asteroid" will be great to listen to when I'm ready to do the D.A. I took with me to the bunker.

The End - Nico. First, honourable mention to "Chelsea Girls": this was the hardest choice to make. More dark music to feel shitty. Another all-star lineup with every song being great. "Secret Side" still is so sad to listen to on a rainy day that it makes you feel good.

Egon Bondy's Happy Hearts Club Banned - Plastic People...Prague. A

Czechoslovakian band originally called The Plastic People of the Universe. Formed in 1968, they have lived a semi-legal existence and led the underground movement in Czechoslovakia, drawing influence from Frank, the Captain, and The Mothers as well as the Fugs and the Velvet Underground. This is their first album (1973).

Duane Trovato

Music For Films - Brian Eno. I like this album!

Big Science - Laurie Anderson. She's a lady.

The Smiths - The Smiths. They're homosexuals and that's quite amusing.

Before and After Science - Brian Eno. This one because it's good.

Closer - Joy Division. Sad but true.

Lamb Lies Down - Genesis. Two big records and a story! Oh boy!!

Taking Tiger Mountain - Brian Eno. It has good music on it.

After The Rain - Terge Rypdøl. It sounded better than other records.

Faith - The Cure. This record started well and finished too.

You Gotta Say Yes To Another Excess

- Yello. Amorphous to the point of a subtle resilience both affirming and denying the reverberating cry of Voltaire's "Voilà." It says "Je Suis," "Become" and would have made Kierkegaard weep in despair.

Mike Gunt

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Sirs & Madams

Soes, I read the DISCORDER and was intrigued by the Bunker Beat sheet. Then I heard the advert on your station which I could not capture over the cable for a few days. Since I have always wanted to restrict my musical preference, this seems to be a good time to do so.

My choices are:

The Madcap Laughs and Barrett - Syd Barrett. I figured that I'd cheat right off the bat. Now I know this is a Harvest re-release of two of his earlier albums, but I'm only gonna count it as one. I love the crazed innocence of the man in question. Songs like "Octopus," "Baby Lemonade," and "Gigolo Aunt" could all be children's rhymes. Alternately, "Long Gone," "Dominoes," and "Rats" study deeper, darker thoughts. Also a good version of James Joyce's "Golden Hair" and stunning inner-liner pictures which make you just wonder how bad off Syd really was/is. Is

the rumour true that sick Syd now lives in a flat in England with the drummer of the Boomtown Rats?

Sabotage - John Cale. The title could be used as the bunker's national anthem. Then, when the fallout has subsided, we could use "Mercenaries" to get riled up to conquer those from other shelters who may oppose us. Only then could we claim superiority and begin to force people to do what we want them to. The concert here is still fresh in my mind.

Produkt - DePress. This is a band which probably nobody knows about. However, DePress is aptly named because of their rivaling and surpassing of Joy Division in terms of doom and gloom-depression-pop. They come from Norway with a lead singer who escaped Poland. His name is Andre Nebb and he sings in English, Polish and Norwegian. This is their second album which is more Anglo-oriented than their first, probably because it is pro-

THNCK

of the Night

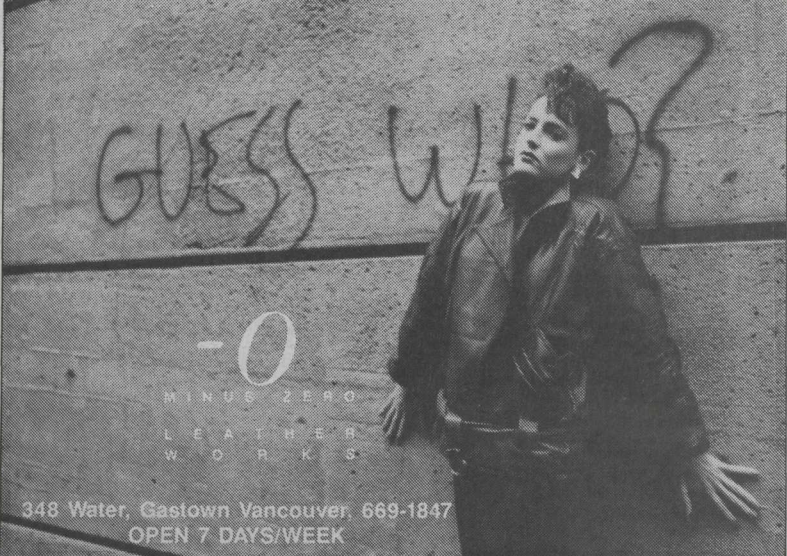
Just when the hallowed Scene was about to cough up its rattles, Hallowe'en ups & donates fresh blood to the old flesh. At John Barley's 2 Yanks in studded leather were haranguing this local Chick when she tells 'em to Fuck Off and one of 'em smacks her face, cussin' at her, "Canuck bitch!" Mad Dog reports the hush that fell over the kinky room. The disco mirrorball shudders to a stop and 15 guys proceed to loom from all directions unto ye epicenter of ye meteorological disturbance with witchy-lookin' eyeballs and impeccable visages of gore like some Living Dead rerun. In short, M.D. sez "they got the living shit kicked out of them and all the bartender could do was yell "DON'T BREAK THE FURNITURE!"... meanwhile the ubiquitous **ENIGMAS** laid down the rock 'n' roll rules up at the monsters-only Railway Club; truly exportable musical produce, they are hot to trot and fully pro. I hadn't heard them in

many moons and **Paul MacKenzie's** sax playing has broken thru the Rock Barrier in the meantime. This "neighbourhood pub" was splittin' its seams with famous monsters; best costume prizes went to a headless ghoul, a water heater, a cave woman, two androids and the Grim Reaper. The tiny dance floor was almost dangerous 'cause The Enigmas sure can play fast! After two kick-ass sets the sweaty patrons demanded "more, more, more!" And we got "Have Love, Will Travel" and a truly insane wank-off featuring irrepressible guitarist Mike in "Psychotic Reaction." The L-O-O-ONG version. After that, who could ask for more, more MORE?...hey, I missed the **REAL TALKING PEOPLE SHOW** so I don't even know if I was in it! But **Babs Chulah** was, mashing her cake with a fork which sent my pals into convulsions when they told me about it...also missed the flag-burning at the U.S. Consulate the

day after the election, but I've sent my photo and resume to the National Crime Intelligence Section (250 W. 7th Ave.) already, so the country can be protected from me in case I do something bad....**VICTOR COLEMAN** not at all natty in a beige fisherman knit sweater, reading his poems aloud at Octopus East Nov. 1. Whatever happened to the wierdo who used to piss everyone off at Western Front, blowing on a leopard-skin kazoo-sax? Is NO-ONE taking drugs anymore....Catching Flak Dept.: Ace grantwriter **CORRY WYNGAARTEN** OF Video Inn poked my chest at the Tupperware Party Nov. 6 at the PIG, complaining about my slagoff in last month's THNCK. She insists no censorship was involved in pulling Stokely Seip's promo video off Cable 10, just the "S&M approach" was thought to appeal to the wrong type of viewer and they didn't want to sell memberships to such people: "Don't get me wrong," demurs Corry, "I got more out of pig-fucking (as in porno videos) than anyone I know." I can't understand doubletalk, unless I start to doublethnck, and that burns up braincells like crazy, so I try to avoid it....by the way, Nora's **TUPPERWARE PARTY** was a blast. Lots of guys there, acting like jerks. How much beer does it hold? Favourite question: I far prefer comfortable lies like **BARB DANIELS** telling us "I bake a pie for my family every day!" and **ORAF** taking pictures blind of "the premier art event of 1984." As if someone's been keeping track! How cynical....not like **BOLERO LAVA**, whose music and lyrics entwine in a positive vibration: "All I want is

to live" (*INEVITABLE*) when I hear them at the Savoy. B.L. has come a long way since winning the CTR Battle of the Bands and despite their derivative influences (Steve Miller?) they have some well-wrought tunes worth listening to and yes, buying; despite an unreadable cover their new single is into its second pressing at MO DA MU, sparking interest at three major labels so far....by the way, their guitarist **PHAEDRA** was the mystery guest wearing the leather bondage jacket in last month's THNCK. Congratulations to all the winners of the new release—the contest is now closed....I'm only sorry they didn't record "Western Rage" which is I thnck the best song they've written....after the gig **Dense Milt of RHYTHM MISSION** showed up at Mad Dog's Golden Era store for a beer and explained his song *New York Johnny* to me....look elsewhere in this issue for stories on **THE WAREHOUSE SHOW**, but just because I'm not mentioning it doesn't mean I didn't have a wonderful time seeing **KISS OR KILL** opening night by **Josie Kane** et al, or **BRAIN DRAIN** by **Lola MacLaughlin** of EDAM. At press time I am anxiously awaiting the weekend's orgy of new music at Western Front **MUSICITY** and more performance at the **WAREHOUSE SHOW**. But the biggest blast of the month will be the **BLOWOUT** at Grandview Legion Nov. 30th, capping off a splendid month of ART CITY, something Vancouverites can be proud to call their own. Congratulations to the ad hoc committee and all the burnt out volunteers....R.I.P. to **Mink**; with friends like yours, who needs enemies?...**Cec English** has just bought into Bill Barker's **PROFILE SOUND** studios. He's the man responsible for the excellent clarity of Moral Lepers' **TURN TO STONE** and many other fine local productions, including live sound at CITY SPACE'S historic soirees....**BOPSTERS** drummer **Britt Hagerty** had his jaw broken by Langley cops lately—they were dragging him in for bad taste, wearing red nail polish with green eyeshadow and plastic jewellery! After reading his novel **SAD PARADISE** I suspected he was a closet romantic....people there's no room to slag in this issue: **my wife**; **Bill Vander Zalm**; **Mark Grady**; **Hedy Hopper**, **Walt Dizzy**; **Gerry Barad**; and **Lupus Yonderboy**. On second thought, here's a last minute slag of **Lupus**, who **Mike Johal** interviewed recently on CTR regarding his part in **KISS OR KILL**. You're right old boy, it "can't necessarily be criticized as entertainment." I look forward to your next interview, on "National Socialism and the Miracle of Cancer"....all gone now....say bye-bye....no, not da-da....

—**Ammo Fuzztone**



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SHINDIG!

The Observer sees the regular competition draw to a close as CITR's Battle of the Bands heads into the finals.

Another month of packed houses, empty glasses (oops, sorry), and fine local music as Shindig celebrated its third month at the Savoy with no less than twelve bands.

My Three Sons, Out of Proportion and Eighth Day started the month off in the Round Two Semi-Finals. Eighth Day seem to suffer from some image problems and a general lack of energy on stage. Their set wasn't too bad, in a jangly sort of way. But the competition came down to Out of Proportion and My Three Sons. MTS took a page out of the Doll's book with a set of inspired white boy rawk. A strong, nagging vocal performance boosted Out of Proportion's set, but in the end it was My Three Sons who advanced to the Shindig Finals Dec. 10.

Immoral Minority opened Round Three with a less-than-memorable hard-core set. They were followed by **Second Language**, who really failed to generate any excitement with their set of bar rock. Someone remarked that they were "really tight," but then, tight's not enough these days.



Neither band was a match for **Rhythm Mission**, who are back from the grave with a new lineup. RM's highly polished energetic set sent them off to the Semi-Finals Dec. 3

Monday the 19th saw **Jump** open with a set of music that was derivative to the point of annoyance. (Shades of the Beatles and Fleetwood Mac made Jump sound like the house band on Name That Tune. (Just kidding, but was that a

cover of "Boogie Nights" by the Bee Gee's or am I just hearing things?) **Various Artists** (you've probably seen their records around) won the night with a strong set of fast pop, rounded out with a couple of slower blues numbers. **Figures of Speech** played a good set, but just didn't come across on stage. The live show needs some work, but **Figures of Speech** show a lot of promise.

The last regular Shindig of Nov-

ember virus, to say the least, filled with surprises. **Soldiers of Sport** broke up several days before the show, and had to be replaced by the **Reptiles**. Then, as if that wasn't enough, **Ministry of Ambiguity's** bass player showed up pissed. So, they packed up their stuff and went home. That left only the **Jet-sonz** (formerly **Univus**) who failed to come across live with the punch they displayed on their "Lonely" demo. Too bad, but maybe next time. The Reptiles won the last place in the Semi-Finals Dec. 3rd—not too shabby for a band who didn't know they were playing until 6 p.m. the night of the show.

This leaves us with but two Shindigs left in this competition. They are:

—Third Round Semi-Finals featuring The Reptiles, Various Artists and Rhythm Mission, competing for a spot in the Finals.

—And, of course, the Finals, December 10 at the Savoy, featuring the winners of the last two Semi-Finals, *My Three Sons* and *Red Herring*.

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BEVERLY SISTERS



Talk, Talk, Talk to Dean Pelkey



It's a typical wet, grey, Vancouver afternoon and I'm already a half hour late for my appointment with the **Beverly Sisters**. It's not a good way to begin an interview. Especially when you're going to be dealing with six guys who call themselves "sister." On their home turf.

After talking my way past an old man at the door and climbing several flights of stairs I find myself in a dim room face to face with **Don Jones** and **Niko**, 1/3 of the Beverly Sisters. Missing were **Vince Clark**, **Jackie Duncan**, **Ewan MacNeil**, and **Dennis Newton**. Surprisingly Don and Niko aren't upset with my tardiness having spent the past half hour coloring with pencil crayons. No, they don't have a

fondness for the pastimes of childhood, but rather it's an attempt at trying to add a bit more color to a series of posters promoting the Bev's just released EP, *The Beverly Sisters*. Just one more step in being in an independent band, it seems.

Niko for one, agrees. "I think everyone should go through it. If you don't you lose track of what's going on. It's good to know what it takes to get things going. I hope we don't always have to do this, putting up posters and stuff..."

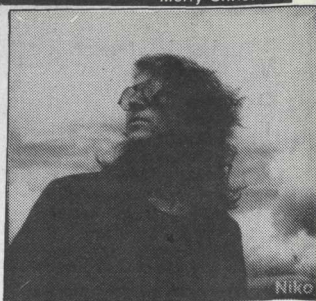
"I really want a manager at this point," Don pipes in. "Someone with lots of time and interest."

"And money," Niko laughs.

It's a familiar story for people who have followed the grass roots rock scene, especially here in Vancouver. Local band forms, plays a lot of gigs, develops a following, raises some money, records an independent single or EP and then...? This is where the Bevs find themselves now. Formed about two years ago (legend has it that the name comes from an obscure British wartime singing group) they gigged around town and were one of the finalists in CTR's 1983 **Hot Air Show** (the precursor to **Shindig II**). Having developed a core of fans and been up and down on Vancouver's scale of trendy bands, they went into Mushroom Studios and recorded a four-song EP which they've released on their

more Bev's page 12

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Niko

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Dada Dog label. Its initial press run of 1000 is at present all but sold out and the band is hoping to get a second pressing done. But that question mark is starting to loom up. Where do they go from here?

In the case of the Beverly Sisters the answer seems to be to keep on going the way they have been. Despite some members having outside careers, the band is a viable concern. But as Niko says, "having fun is definitely important but I don't think it's very practical to try and be fulltime in this city. We definitely want to get out of town more and pursue that and back up the EP and do another EP and back that up. Right now, though, we're not making any money at it."

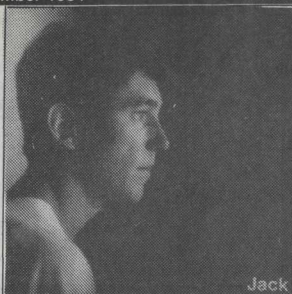
Talking to Don and Niko I get the sense that the band is more than just six guys making music. It's a collection of friends. Everybody has a say in the direction the band takes, forming as Niko calls it, "a democratic fascist state."

"It works well," Don adds. "We get along. We have our flare-ups but they're never very extreme. I guess we're lucky that way. Arguments never get very far out of hand and everybody wants to walk pretty well the same path."

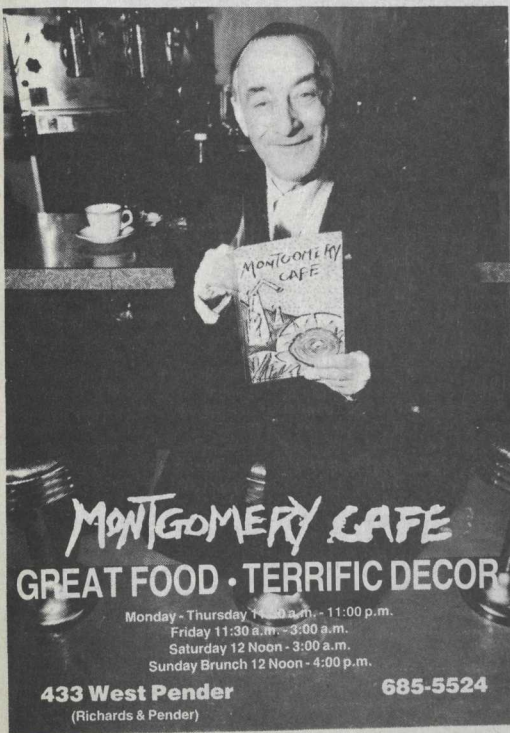
The recording of *The Beverly Sisters* EP was an example of the band's harmony. When it came to song selection everyone had a different favorite but according to Niko, "We worked on our four strongest tunes, you know, it was a group decision. We already had two that were at CTR but we felt there were a lot of other people who hadn't heard them. Plus I think we did better versions of them."

Don nods his agreement. "Definitely. I don't think any of us would have been happy to have, you know, once something's recorded it's finished, and I don't think we ever considered the versions of "The Wait" and "Talk, Talk, Talk" to be finished."

The band had originally planned to have a few more cuts on the EP but time and financial constraints dictated otherwise. This means that there are still a fair number of Beverly Sister songs just waiting to be committed to vinyl. Most of the songs are "pretty much a group production. The drummers contribute on their own. The

More
Bevs

In the meantime, though, Vancouver has the Beverly Sisters all to ourselves. The band figures to keep a high profile during December and will in fact be playing the Railway Club on New Year's Eve, so you might want to make your reservations now. Judging from some of the fan mail the Bevs receive it could be a crowded show. And it looks like the Beverly Sisters are strongly poised to take that next big step from local faves to...? and beyond.



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NO FUN

Into the World of *SNIVEL* -CD

The wrinkled business card is adorned with the logo of Virgin Records—two naked pubescent girls, seated back to back. Scrawled across the front in felt pen is an invitation to No Fun to drop by Virgin's London offices, presumably for a chat about the band recording something for the label. Slipping the card back into his wallet David M. explains: "They thought we were from Surrey, England. When we explained to them that we were from Surrey, B.C., in Canada, they kinda lost interest. They didn't encourage us to fly over, so I guess they couldn't have been that interested."

That was in 1977. Nothing ever came from the offer from overseas,

but David M. is still around, and still making music under the name of No Fun. Still loading up on coffee and heading down to the studio in the basement of his parent's home in Surrey. Still making wry, sardonic observations on the state of the world outside. Still plugging away in his own, awkward, idiosyncratic way. In the transitory world of pop music this is a miracle on par with Dick Clarke's complexion, especially for a band who have never seen the light of commercial acceptance.

"Well, we haven't died," says David, explaining the band's longevity. "Look, this is just something I do. I don't want a career." Taking another sip from a can of Coke, he

puts on a serious look and continues: "We're basically hopeless human beings. The evidence has been there so long, with people asking 'Why?' We haven't known 'why' for so long, we just do it. Besides I enjoy going down and doing something in the basement that has nothing to do with what's going on outside my door."

He's just being modest, of course. No Fun's music is nothing if not relevant to that nasty world outside the basement. M. is a genial parodist, poking fun at the petty foibles of North American life through his songs. The lyrics (which, unlike most rock lyrics, make a pretty amusing read) deal

with the standard minutiae of life that form the basic subject matter of rock songs: sex, death, drugs, and stardom. M. approached these banalities with a detached, amused suspicion, but without coming across as cynical or jaded. He seems to be saying that human beings are, by and large, silly shifts who spend most of their time engaged in activities of little or no value. This being given, there's no point in getting too upset about it. So as he sings, "Let's sit down and discuss 'em/Things anybody could say/Yea, we can speak, and we're talking about the/Weather. Talking about the Ball Game. Talking about /the Movies.../Talking about the Mundane."

more No Fun page 16

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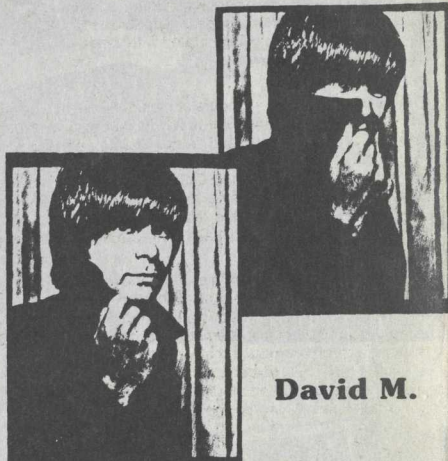
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David has been talking about the mundane for nearly ten years now. Now, what is mundane to you isn't necessarily mundane to David. Unless, of course, you wake up every morning wanting to kill Helen Reddy, go to the rodent's fair, get held hostage, or run in terror from the crane (no not the bird) of fear. The point is that David makes all these things sound like ordinary, everyday happenings. Maybe they are. Surrey is a strange place.

On the other hand, it probably makes more sense to credit the music that accompanies the odd lyrics. It's straight-forward bouncy pop; nothing too nasty, nothing too loud; an effective disguise. Or we could put it down to the man's appearance. David M. looks so ordinary it's strange. No flashy haberdashery, just jeans, runners and a shirt and jacket that might have come from the Sears' catalogue. No outrageous coiffures, just straight black hair long enough to be unfashionable. No twisted gleam in the eye, no snarl on the lips. David M. comes across as a soft-spoken Everyman, stumbling through life, drinking coffee and scratching his head at all the stupid things that go on around him.



David M.

But there is a twisted brain inside the non-descript interior. It comes through, not only in the songs, but in the way David M. has guided No Fun through the jungle of the music biz. As he says: "We do everything in a real stupid way. We do things the wrong way according to the industry. Y'know there's some things we've done that people in the industry really like, and there's some stuff they really hate. Problem is, I usually like the stuff they hate better than the stuff they like."

The things David M. has done with No Fun over the years would cause instant heart seizure in any record exec—major or independent. Things like doing live shows following the release of this *Ghost Paper Boy* at Robin's Gay Trailer Park cassette, but only doing two or three No Fun songs in the evening. The rest of the set if filled with stuff like Crosby Stills and Nash's "Almost Cut My Hair" and Sir Douglas Quintet's "Mendocino." The press release for the same cassette announced the live shows as some bar band doing a tribute to No Fun. To make matters even worse, they only made 50 copies of the cassette. Other No Fun antics have included a press release with instructions on how to review the band's latest record, interrupting on-air interviews with quiet but persistent demands that the interviewer give them a beer, and promoting the latest release by saying, "Well, I like the tape, but I wouldn't tell everyone else to buy it. I mean, I don't want to force myself on everyone."

Things like this have kept No Fun from "getting ahead" in the record industry. Despite receiving airplay on CTR, as well as one of the commercial stations in town, No Fun are still down

in the basement. David doesn't seem to mind. After all, this is the man who said, "I'm the negative of a rock singer. If I even touched a rock singer he'd explode." There's a strong distaste for the "business" of music that comes across in No Fun songs like "Tribute to Elvis II," and "Groovy Daddy" (about the teenage son of a rock star still living the cliched rock and roll lifestyle. Sample lines: "Don't want your picture there in Circus magazine, Dad./ When I bring girlfriends home remember they're with me, Dad). No Fun seems to be David M.'s means of taking the piss out of all the crass marketing and pretentious promoting that goes on in the rock biz.

Besides, this way he doesn't have to worry about offing any satin-jacketed record exec. He is the founder, owner, manager, A&R man, marketing specialist, and everything else of his own record label, Werewolf T-Shirt Records (Motto: Where Reality Becomes Dreams). Through WTS he has released two 7" EPs (*No Fun* and *No Fun at the Disco*), a single (the only thing he's recorded outside the basement studio. Recorded at Blue Wave, "It Came From Heaven" got some airplay on CFMI and ironically, was the worst-selling WTS release ever. So much for the standard wisdom of Airplay-Sales...), and the *Ghost Paper Boy* cassette. The latest from Werewolf T-Shirt Records is No Fun's *magnum opus*, *Snivel*: 33 songs in a double cassette box set, complete with a lyric book illustrated with various newspaper clippings.

Snivel is big; nearly two hours of music. While the cassette has a few slow bits, most of it is terrific: songs like "I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-in" and "(Love Theme from) Crane of Fear," both of which have already been heard on CITSR (where *Snivel* went to #1), and "Song a Girl Would Sing" and "Another Loathsome Date," as amusing as pop gets. Paul Leahy (the other half of No Fun for the last four years) is a versatile guitarist, adding a little bit of flash to M.'s straightforward pop.

Will *Snivel* bring No Fun into the limelight? Probably not. I get the sense that No Fun is just a little too odd for most commercial radio, and the music is a little too restrained for it to fit into the formats of most alternative stations. And I can't really think of a record company that would know what to do with a band like No Fun (except, perhaps, Rhino Records. Hell, anyone who released an album of versions of "Louie, Louie" has to have something on the ball.).

David M. has seemed to put the thought out of his mind. Besides, how can you make a rock star out of a man who says, "I like living in Surrey 'cause it's easy not to get noticed."

Still, it would be nice to see No Fun reach a wider audience. With all the pompous, po-faced stuff that passes for pop music these days, No Fun would be like a breath of fresh air. And I'd like to hear some of those hundreds of songs David M. has stashed in the basement of his parent's house, under the cups of coffee. It would be nice, but it doesn't seem too likely.

So, No Fun can be Vancouver's little secret for the next little while at least. If you want to get in on the secret, you can find *Snivel* at Zulu or Odyssey or contact Werewolf T-Shirt Records at: 13536-96A Avenue (whew!), Surrey, B.C., V3T 1C8. The package comes with the warning: "*Snivel* reflects only the world view of NO FUN, and any sense of real life imparted by the mention of anyone or anything is completely bogus."

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SNFU

from Edmonton

More than just lumps of clay

SNFU, who played the New York Theatre November 10, were the best hardcore band I've seen in a long, long time. In my humble opinion SNFU are in contention with early DK's, Youth Brigade and the Subhumans (my personal favourites). Not only can Mr. Chi Pig actually sing but he is truly an amazing front man. What I noticed and really liked about SNFU was the way the whole band moved on stage. Every member in the band had their own focus; they didn't just stand there like lumps of clay and allow Chi Pig to carry the show.

SNFU are a very exciting and intense band to see live. The show at the York was tight and was over all too soon. Chi Pig jumped from speakers to the stage and rolled all over the place sticking his legs wildly in the air. Bunt, Muc and Jimi leapt around and Mr. Evan C Jones looked like he would have jumped around if his drum set wasn't in the way.

SNFU have been together for about three years now. The lineup at present consists of Muc and Bunt on guitar, Jones on drums, Mr. Chi Pig as "singer man" and Jimi Rold on bass. For those of you that care, their ages run from 18 to 24.

SNFU originally started off as SNAFU—*Situation Normal All Fucked (or Fouled) Up*. Because another band was using the same name it was shortened to SNFU—*Society's No Fucking Use*. The band members felt that the name was being interpreted in a negative way so now SNFU is "just a label."

"Everyone would keep asking us what it meant and our lips got tired of saying it so it can mean whatever you want," says Jones, "like Sausages Never Fry Unevenly."

The band has two songs on an Edmonton compilation called *It Came From Inner Space*. They also have a song "Womanizer" released on a Better Youth Organization compilation called *Something to Believe In*. "Womanizer" went number one at CJSR, the college station in Edmonton. But trouble came with fame for SNFU...

Mr. Chi Pig: "Some feminists in Saskatoon heard the song, probably on the radio, and got all upset. They most likely only heard the part that goes 'Gonna take her home, get her

drunk and fuck her.'"

"Womanizer" is not a song that advocates shit like that. In fact, it is exactly the opposite.

SNFU's songs all say something but they don't preach to their listeners which seems to be a rarity amongst hardcore bands these days. On the *Inner Space* compilation the song "Real Men Don't Watch Quincy" is about the media twisting things out of proportion and showing things in a bad light—namely Punk Rock. The other song on the compilation, "Strip Search," is about an incident that took place in Sherwood, Alberta, between the RCMP and eleven little boys' bums. Apparently some little kid lost his watch in a gym class so the principle of the school called in the RCMP. Eleven boys were lined up and some hairy policeman got to peer up their anal canals in search of the missing Timex.

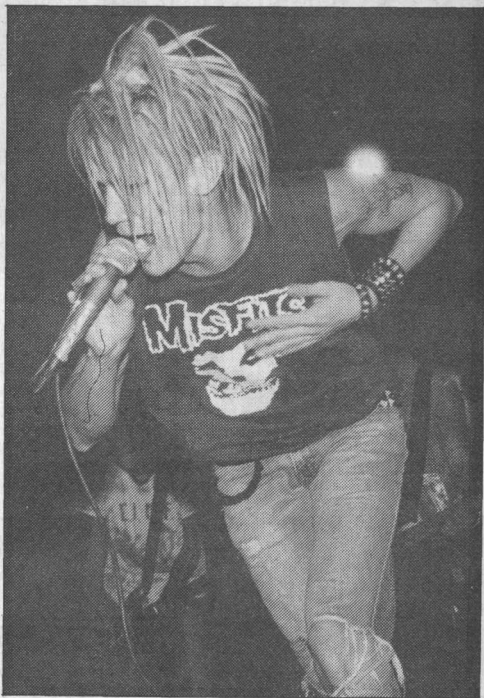
With song themes like those mentioned, SNFU aren't exactly commercial radio material and, at present, are not making much money. Whatever they make goes back into the band in the way of gas, equipment and recording. They've only ever played in Canada, crisscrossing the West in a blue van driven by their roadie Otto. The band doesn't make much money at home as there aren't any venues in Edmonton that allow hardcore bands to play. Consequently SNFU has to promote their own gigs. But Edmonton has no sales tax and beer is cheaper there.

Apparently the scene in Edmonton isn't violent and it is increasing in size all the time. People in Edmonton realize that if they start up trouble there won't be any more gigs. This is different from the attitude in Saskatoon, where Mr. Chi Pig ran into some trouble. "They made a Mr. Chi Pig sandwich out of me. I got punched and elbowed. The crowd has the Quincy show idea of what punk rock was all about."

Anyway, if you missed this band when they were in Vancouver, hard cheese. SNFU are the greatest thing since sliced bread. In fact when they return to Edmonton they're playing a benefit gig for the local food bank.

Watch out for a record from these guys in the near future. It should be great.

—Julia



MR. CHI PIG - SINGER MAN

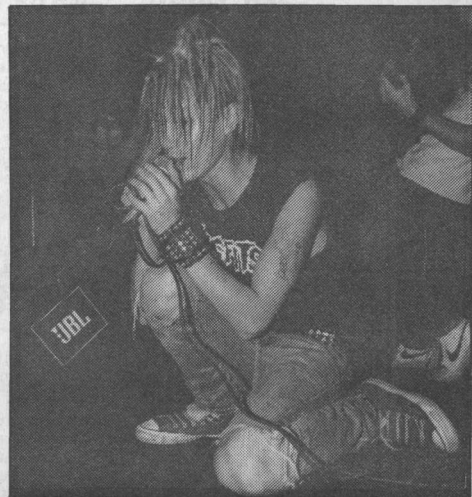


Photo by Dave Jackson



The Culture Buds were out in force this November—Artcity, Musicity, The Warehouse Show. It was BIG. Too big some people said. Undaunted by the vastness of it all, DISORDER sent four unwitting reporters to record their impressions. Only three came back.* These are their stories.

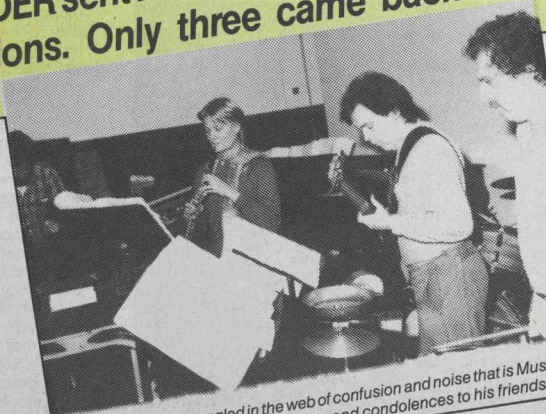


Photo by Robert Van Achter

* At press time Mark Mushet was still entangled in the web of confusion and noise that is Musicity. We hope to have him back some day. Maybe even next month. Until then we give our regrets and condolences to his friends and family.

JENNIFER'S STORY

The Warehouse Show—part of that multi-media event called Art City concluded abruptly after only five days when the city building inspector slapped a "not safe to occupy" notice on the premises. However, the event was reopened a few days afterwards when previously myopic organizers of the event upgraded the venue to meet city building standards.

The Warehouse Show, in retrospect, was an exuberant purge of form, movement, sound and colour. Unfortunately the prevailing themes of regurgitated propaganda reduced it to being sometimes nothing more than an exhibit inelegantly displaying the 'Grantree' of the avant-garde. Economic hardship was the common lineage between all the works displayed here and B.C. art. Warehouse style, has raised its sometimes ugly head in retaliation to the absence of adequate funding. Despite these aforementioned atrocities, the show succeeded admirably in its feat by showcasing talent that has too often in the past been overshadowed by the dimly redundant and white-washed ideal of West Coast art. If one could distinguish the fine line between art and imitation and put aside some of the more self-conscious attempts at male genital glorification one could then enthusiastically partake in this feast for all the senses.

The artists who most effectively conveyed their protests were the ones who compromised neither aesthetics nor technique. Their blaring day-glo counterparts could perhaps secure permanent employment painting 'deals on wheels' signs for

Jim Pattison. Warehouse art for the sake of being warehouse art is merely the ability to spray-paint oneself into a corner.

The sometimes all too consuming mood of recession was fortunately alleviated by the exhibit's lighter mood of caustically clever and sometimes brilliant depictions of the world outside a warehouse. No pretensions here but rather a subtlety far more penetrating and razor-edged than the more obvious attempts at attacking and alienating everything outside the realm of an inflated ego.

While the warehouse itself provided ample space and light to some of the collections' larger than life pieces, some of the artists preferred to bury themselves in the damp bowels of the sub-basement to create an ominous backdrop to some of the exhibit's darker tones. Like all things indigenous to darkness these pieces would thrive once outside their nocturnal niches. Works like these become expendable when the artist is only able to form an alliance with his/her immediate landscape. Again, ego becomes a term loosely applied to the ego materializing itself.

Let us hope that in the future the Warehouse Show becomes the prototype of better things to come in terms of elevating local art from the debris of inadequate funding and neglect in general. Let us also hope that the tremendous public support shown here will continue so that artists need not be wholly reliant on government grants and might instead thrive autonomously in the face of the bureaucratic interference that has so far determined the role of art in our society.

—Jennifer M. Stockand

MICHAEL'S STORY

Last month Vancouver donned a coat of many colours and became the Art City in 1984. For a time you may have forgot about the never-ending rain, the closing of the Cambie Street Bridge, the holes in your pockets and your empty stomachs... and stimulated the senses with the splash of colour and blast of sound that emanated and resonated from various locations throughout the city.

If it was Art City you forgot about, then you missed an opportunity to experience along with thousands of other participants an affirmation of this city's creative abilities and the development of a modern cultural (albeit mainly white and middle class) identity. There was much to be had out there, too much, some say, and too much of it was too bad. But aesthetic values and political differences aside, Art City was a success because it sought and received the cooperation of a multitude of differ-

ent operations, groups, and individuals. Even the most abject skeptics would agree that the sheer immensity of the undertaking was its most remarkable aspect.

The gargantuan Warehouse Show was the Art City centerpiece (popular even with city officials and the fire department), but no less important were presentations at the Centre Cultural Columbian, the Western Front, the Contemporary Art Gallery, Carnegie Centre, the new Pitt, the Firehall Theatre, the Coburg Gallery, NeoArtism, Presentation House, E=MC², Women in Focus, Video Inn, the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, the N(on) Commercial Gallery, and the Convertible Showroom.

The Convertible Showroom? On Kingsway, perhaps? The automobile as Art? NO!...convertible: "interchangeable or equivalent; transformable; capable of being converted"...and that is exactly what has hap-

pened to the old Pumps Gallery at 40 East Cordova Street. Pumps was once a vital centre for the arts in Vancouver during the mid and late 1970s, operated by a group of talented personalities, most of whom departed for the more stealthy climes of TO or NYC by the turn of the decade. Since then the gallery space at Pumps has been used for storage and the odd party. Until now. Now it is the Convertible Showroom.

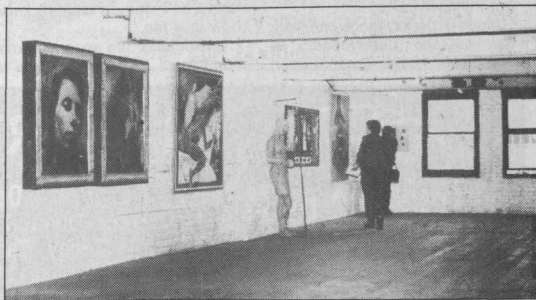
Colin Griffiths, Daina Augaitis, and Neil Campbell are the new protagonists of this conversion. They realized Pumps' potential as a viable space and motivated by the gathering momentum in the local arts community, decided to make a fresh start of it. The Showroom opened on November 21st with the unveiling of a site-specific barbed wire installation by Paul Wong, which will be followed by an exclusive showing of paintings by artist Walter Gulezko, December 12th. On the 15th, Toronto video artist Ed Mowbray will premiere his acclaimed production of *Not Dead Yet*, a documentary on the exploits of Toronto's second generation of political and musical punks.

Griffiths stresses the point that Convertible is NOT an Art Gallery. It is a space designed to present a

variety of exhibitions that are of a particular interest, and the three listed above are good examples of Convertible's intent. It is hoped that the Showroom will act as a focal point in the local arts community to attract artists from other cities, and, on the other side of the picture, to present local artists to the world. Nothing short of an international reputation, what?

The Convertible Showroom plans to work in association with Epoxy Studio, a video space located within the confines of the Pumps and Power building. Its first production, *White Orpheus*, has just been completed and the soundtrack, *White is the Knight*, is currently charted in the CTR singles playlist. It is this sort of collaboration that Convertible sees as integral in developing a stronger sense of community which will ultimately enhance its progression. Griffiths, Augaitis, and Campbell are striving for a synthesis of art, music, and performance that will be accessible to all. Convertible's doors will even be open to those who regularly shop on South Granville, and, if they care to walk amongst the debris of broken bottles and Aqua Velva men strewn along East Cordova, they just might be treated to something a little out of the ordinary.

—Michael Shea



SUKI'S STORY

Conceptual. Artist. Art. Ambiguous. Meaningful. Abstract. These words are all part of the vocabulary of many Vancouver performance persons.

Elitist. Pretentious. Ego. Artistic masturbation. Dull. These words are all part of the vocabulary of many Vancouver performance patrons.

Which brings us to *Kiss or Kill*, Josie Kane's mega-behemoth offering to the Warehouse Show. The poster bills it as 'a multi-media performance and environment.' Ah yes, environment, a new word for the first list. It's a new one on me, that's for sure, but y'never know, it might catch on. Then again.... (What would they be called if it does, environmentalists?) I don't know about the environment onstage, but after a while when nothing

terribly exciting had happened the environment at audience level was getting pretty polluted with boredom.

Tucked away upstage left were the three sources of sound, Daniel Werger on keyboard soundtrack, Scott McLeod on guitar soundtrack and Josie Kane on vocals and being conceptual. Pretty simple stuff but it wasn't bad, if only in comparison... Meanwhile, much was about on the rest of the vast stage. Very much, Too much.

Some poor soul writhed on the floor in nothing but loin-cloth and body-paint, a bit like a third-world warrior having indigestion in ultra-slow motion. Lupus Yonderboy, later to be heard on CTR gamely (lamely?) defending the concept of performance art, put on a black

more Warehouse page 22

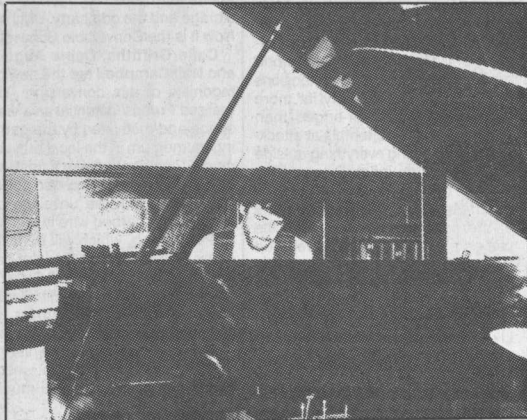
mask and played a thief. An assortment of fey, self-conscious, giggling nubles acted as decoration pieces while helping a couple of seedy looking characters load and unload a pair of huge weighing scales using various toys and bric-a-brac. Some people sat on a bed. Others did other things. And, sweet relief, a couple of TVs played kiddies' cartoons. Never before had I found kiddies' cartoons so entertaining, without sound yet! The sheer amount of audio-visual information was so overwhelming that instead of tuning in to one interesting aspect of it the inclination was to switch off completely.

I find the very term 'performance art' somewhat presumptuous. Why not just 'performance'? Why not leave 'art' for the patron to decide whether it is or not. In *Kiss or Kill* the performers were largely improvisational in an attempt to create a unique mood, exclusive to that particular moment. Herein lies the problem with it, as with a lot of performance art: it tries too hard to not try too hard. It tries so hard to create that mood that it ignores the harsh realities of performer-audience communication. Without this, one gets the distinct impression that they're doing it for no one but themselves.

Mood in performance can work very well (seen *Eraserhead*?), as with mood in music (heard *Eno*?);

the mood that *Kiss or Kill* generated was, well, er, perhaps not the one intended... The poor fools who jumped at the chance to get onto a stage and 'be in a performance' must, in hindsight, surely realize that they were the pawns in a contrived decadence for their erstwhile

been quite good. Pared down, the whole show might well have succeeded. Sadly, it became a case of saying so much to make your point that the point becomes lost. The point, apparently, was something to do with the fact that 'anything Jim Pattison, chairperson of



employer(s) to wallow in. One of the performers was later heard to confess: 'If the audience was as bored as I was on stage, I know how they felt.'

Individually, the separate components of *Kiss or Kill* could've

Expo, likes, he kisses. Anything he doesn't, he kills."

The *Kiss or Kill* people could've taken a lesson from some of the other performances at the Warehouse Show, one of which was

Lola McLaughlin's *Brain Drain*, a dance originally performed at SFU in 1980. This piece had no music, McLaughlin later describing it as 'an experiment in the dance making its own score.' The experiment worked. The heart of the dance was a pogoing motion which, in a way, provided the rhythm that music might otherwise have done. This 'zombie kangaroo' effect was apparently inspired by an early DOA gig at which McLaughlin watched Randy Rampage generally go berserk in trying to incite the pogoing punk rockers to literally greater heights. This was translated into a repetitive, primal and sparse movement over sixteen marked squares on the stage, further embellished with finger-snapping and coughing!

Effective, too was the latent violence in the piece, typified by the dancer punching the air, a common gesture in society, sometimes amusing but always with dangerous connotations. Having built up the tension with the piece's increasing complexity, we were then supplied with light relief as the six main performers vacated the stage to make way for a couple of surly 'custodians' who, in trying to mimic them, pointed out just how hard having fun is!

Having fun was also the key to the mystery of Jiswop. "A way of life?" Jiswop asks. In its present



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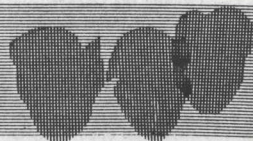


FACEs

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FOR PRIVATE PARTIES CALL

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form it's still not about to become a way of life, although, God knows, it was a vast improvement on their live CTR gig of a few months ago. Jiswop's 'thing', so to speak, is semi-improvisational music using a combination of tribal and other ethnic influences and your basic guitar-bass-drums. The sextet of colourful characters go by the names Jock Bouquet, Madam, Mr. X (hasn't that one been used before?), Scotty Scrod, Zulu of the Underworld and Gary Aries.

Watching them at the Warehouse Show it became immediately obvious what was wrong with their CTR gig: they're as much visual as musical, if not more. Exotic costumes ranged from blue skin in a loin-cloth, through dirty white tuxedo, to South Seas skirt and fruit hat. However, it's not enough to look good and act zany and hope it carries your artistic aspirations. Improvisational music can be fun but it often has a tendency to slide over into cacophony. It would appear that Jiswop is still in its neanderthal stage of evolution, without a clear idea of what exactly it wants to accomplish, why, and for whom.

Still, some nice 'fairytale soundtrack' clarinet from Madam and anarchic bongos over a steady noise from the rhythm section and distorted guitar made it interesting for a while. On this occasion its novelty aspect carried it through.

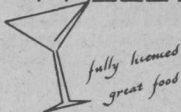
On an ongoing basis they'd better do some serious thinking. The candy they tossed into the audience was nice, but I prefer black current flavour, thank you very much.

The self-conscious Afra gamely tried to instill some life into her poetry reading, but she was by no means helped by the headless-chicken running around the Warehouse Show honchos. Forced by yet another Vancouver Fire Department ruling into last-minute postponements, cancellations and rearrangements of the remaining performances, they shunted Afra off into a horrible corner of the VVI lobby where the acoustics were bad and the atmosphere as conducive to a performance as a dentist's waiting room. (Hold it—now that I think about it I've seen some pretty passable performances in dentists' waiting rooms.)

The problem(?) with mounting a bloody huge art show (apart from the fact that your legs get tired and you need oxygen equipment) is that you have to mount bloody huge safety precautions. Let's face it, the VFD does have a point. Safety requirements are there for a reason, a good one, I might add. Let it be a lesson learned. Aside from that, a hearty pat on the back for everyone involved in putting this project together. After all, you have to have it before you can criticize it. Cheers.

—Sukhvinder Johal

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with Guests

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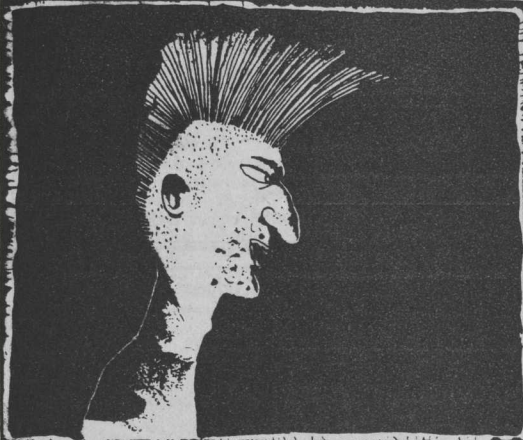


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THE RISE AND FALL OF A MOHICAN HAIRCUT



CITR TOP 20 SINGLES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 The Bill of Rights	Blind Society/ The Core	No Rights
2 Staple Singers	Slippery People	Private (CBS/US)
3 Brown & Bambaata	Unity	Tommy Boy (US)
4 Working Week	Storm Of Light	Virgin (UK)
5 Ledemackens	I Want to Eat You	Strike Back (UK)
6 Strangers	Skin Deep	Epico (CBS/UK)
7 Cabaret Voltaire	Sensoria	Some Bizzare (UK)
8 House of Commons	Peter Gunn/Inane	**Demo Tape**
9 Crucifucks	Hinckley Had a Vision/Democracy	Alternative Tentacles
10 Work Party	Work Song/ Come On Over	MoDaMu
11 White Orpheus	White is the Knight	Epoxy
12 Michel Lemeux	Romantic Complications	Musique Salade
13 Way of the West	City For Lovers	MCA (US)
14 Herald Nix	The Fugitive Kind	**Demo Tape**
15 Tim Ray ARV	Mondo Caine	Statik (UK)
16 Gina X	Harley Davidson	Virgin (UK)
17 Fearghal Sharkey	Listen to Your Father	Virgin/Polygram
18 Malcolm McLaren	Madame Butterfly	Glass (UK)
19 David J	I Can't Stand This Shadow of Fear	Psyche Industry
20 Asexuals	Stand Up	

FAST FORWARD NEW RELEASES

Fast release was numbered at random
Each release was numbered at random

ARTIST	RELEASE	LABEL	COUNTRY
1 Steven Brown	Zoo Story (sndtrk)	Soundworks	Belgium
2 Embryo's Dissidents & Lemnabebe	Sahara Elektrik	Exile	Germany
3 Ingram Marshall	Fog Tropes/ Gradual Requiem	New Albion	USA
4 Het	Let's Hell	Wolf	USA
5 Curlew	Curlew	Landslide	USA
6 Various Artists	Film Noir (dht. cass)	Ding Dong	Holland
7 Cassiber	Beauty & the Beast	Recommended	UK
8 Lindsey Cooper	The Gold Diggers	Sync Pulse	UK
9 Attrition	Attrition of Reason	Third Mind	UK
10 Various Artists	Beihel (cass. comp.)	Daanverarbeitend Germany	

ALBUMS ALSO RECEIVING AIRPLAY

M.I.A.	Murder In A Foreign Place	Alternative Tentacles (US)
Felt	Strange Idols	Cherry Red (UK)
UB40	Pattern	Virgin/Polygram
Depeche Mode	Geffery Morgan	Mute/Sire/WEA
Stranglers	Some Great Reward	Epico (CBS/UK)
Frank Chickens	Aural Sculpture	KAZ (UK)
The Fall	We Are The Frank Chickens	Beggars Banquet (UK)
	Wonderful & Frightening	

ROCKERS TOP TEN

ARTIST	TITLE
1 UB40	Geffery Morgan
2 Mikey Dread	Pave the Way
3 Aswad	Rebel Soul
4 Ini Kamoze	Statement
5 MutaBaruka	Outcry
6 Israel Vibration	Why You So Craven
7 Eek-A-Mouse	Mouselateer
8 Frankie Paul	Pass the TV-Sheng-Peng
9 Que-Dem	Charlie Chaplin
10 Half Pint	Money Man Skank

SINGLES ALSO RECEIVING AIRPLAY

Orange Juice	Lean Period	Polydor (UK)
Strawberry Switchblade	Since Yesterday	Korova (UK)
Poisoned	Yellow Pages/ Grey Area	Poisoned
Chakk	Out Of The Flesh	Doublevision (UK)
Jerry Jerry	Baby's On Fire/ Gospel Surfer	**Demo Tape**
My Sin Associates	Chains	Endless (US)
	Why Does the Rain? Schampout	Creation (UK)
		WEA (UK)

CITR TOP 20 ALBUMS

1 XTC	The Big Express	Virgin/Polygram
2 Beverly Sisters	Beverly Sisters EP	Dada Dog
3 U2	Unforgettable Fire	Island/MCA
4 No Fun	Snivel	Werewolf T-Shirts
5 Lloyd Cole & the Commotions	Rattlesnakes	Polydor (UK)
6 Various Artists	Repo Man st	San Andreas/ MCA (US)
7 Bronski Beat	The Age of Consent	London/Polygram
8 Frankie Goes to Hollywood	Welcome to the Pleasure Dome	ZTT/MCA
9 Replacements	Let It Be	Twin/Tone (US)
10 Let's Active	Cypress	IRS/A&M
11 Hoodoo Gurus	Stoneage Romeos	A&M
12 Tom Robinson	Hope & Glory	Castaway/PCA
13 Danielle Dax	Jesus Egg That	Awesomer (UK)
14 Anne Clark	Wept	INK (UK)
15 Beat Pagodas	Joined Up Writing	Left Coast (US)
16 Red Guitars	Beat Pagodas EP	Self-Drive/MCA
17 John Cale	Slow To Fade	Island/MCA
18 Tom Verlaine	Comes Alive	Virgin/WEA
19 Sickidz	Cover	Big Beat (UK)
20 Golden Calgarians	I Could Go To Hell For You	Rubber Records
	Savage Love	



DISORDER

PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CITR fm 102
CABLE 100

REGULAR PROGRAMS

African Show

(Wednesday 9:30 pm-12 am)
A program featuring African music and culture. Every week, with news, current events and local African music events. Feature at 11 p.m.: specific artists, the music of specific African countries.

Fast Forward

(Sunday 9:30 pm-1 am)
The latest in the exciting and vibrant world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avant-garde stuff. Actually, this program is yet another alternative to CITR's general "alternative" sound. Keep abreast of independent cassette releases around the world, as well as listening for rare live recordings or more well known non-mainstream artists. Hosted by Mark Mushet. Special features for the month of December:

Sun. Dec. 2:

A look at the latest releases from Recommended Records.

Sun. Dec. 9:

The music of the Lemon Kittens: Karl Blake and Danielle Dax.

Sun. Dec. 16:

Interview with British filmmaker Sally Potter, soundtrack music by Lindsay Cooper from "Rags" and "The Goldiggers."

Sun. Dec. 23:

French independents with music from Etron Fou, Les i, Ptose, Anne Gillis, Bernard C., Ariel Kalma, Pascal Comelade, and more.

Sun. Dec. 30:

Film Noir, the American Style. Double cassette compilation from Holland's Ding Dong Tapes on the

theme of the American cinema trend of the 40s and 50s.

Folk International

(Saturday 10 am-12 noon)
Traditional folk music from Canada and around the world Hosted by Lawrence Kootnikoff.

Generic Review

(Weekdays at 8:35 am and 5:35 pm. Also on Saturday and Sunday Magazine)
A critique of local entertainment, theatrical events, movies, and exhibits.

High Profile

(Monday through Saturday 8 pm)
Spotlighting one artist's music and career. Refer to High Profile listing for artists.

Insight

(Weekdays 9:43 am and 6:13 pm)
An editorial comment on current issues open to the community. If you have something to say, call 228-3017, ask for Doug Richards.

Jazz Show

(Monday 9:30 pm-1 am)
An evening of varied traditional and avant-garde jazz on one of Vancouver's longest running all-jazz programs. Now that C-JAZ has become "FM97" this is one of the only places you can hear jazz on the radio before midnight. Hosted each week by Gavin Walker. Feature albums, artists, interviews at 11 p.m.

Mel Brewer Presents

(Thursday 11 pm)
A program featuring exclusively the newest and best in local talent with new demo tapes, live interviews with groups and local music figures, debuts of new released and lotsa hot juicy gossip.

The Mid-show

(Wednesday Midnight-1 am)
The Mid-Show presents a diverse and sound fluid mesh, from candy to explicit, engineering a release ghetto. Directed by the magnetic loneliness of audio art, video art, poetry, prose and indigenous music, the movie soundtracks, young and old pop and rock, foreign lingo hits and country jostle about looking for conversation. Listen in and get a piece of the action. Hosted by John Anderson.

Music Of Our Time

(Sunday 8 am-12 pm)
Music of the 20th century in the classical tradition. Hosted by Ken Jackson, Jay Leslie and Sandra Thacker.

News and Sports (Weekdays)

Local, national, and international news and sports. News and sports reports at 8 am, 10 am, 1 pm, and 6 pm. Newsbreak and Sportsbreak at 3:30 pm and 4:30 pm. On Saturday and Sunday, regular newscasts air at 12:00 noon

Playlist Show

(Saturday 12 pm-4 pm)
The countdown of CITR's weekly top 40 singles and albums, featuring new additions to the Playlist.

Listen for Michael Shea.

Proper Gander

(Saturday 6:30 pm-9:30 pm)
Everything but a well-dressed goose.

Public Affairs

(Weekdays 9 am)
Current events and issues around Vancouver, as well as in depth coverage of social problems, political events and public figures.

Random Cacophony

(Tuesday 11 pm-1 am)
The second radio show in the history of civilization dedicated to solving all of the world's problems.

Rockers

(Sunday 1 pm-3 pm)
The latest and best in toasting, rockers, dub and straight forward reggae. Hosted by George Barrett.

Saturday and Sunday Magazine

(Saturday & Sunday at 6 pm)
Weekend magazine shows presenting special news, sports and entertainment features.

Sunday Night Live

(Sunday 8 pm)
Rare live recordings of noted local and international artists.

Voice of Freedom

(Sunday 6:30 pm-7:30 pm)
Satirical broadcast from a mythical radio station on a secluded American military base (Diego Garcia) where all the records are twelve years out of date.

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DISCORDER

PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CTR fm 102
CABLE 100

CITR 102 FM 100 cable	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
8:00 :35	MUSIC OF OUR TIME	WAKE UP	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS	AND	WEATHER
9:00 :43		GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	
10:00		PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	
11:00 am		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	FOLK INTER- NATIONAL
NOON		NEWS	MORNING	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS	AND
1:00 pm	SUNDAY BRUNCH						
2:00	THE ROCKERS SHOW	LUNCH	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS	AND	WEATHER
3:00 :30	TUNES -R- US						THE PLAYLIST SHOW
4:00 :30		NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	
5:00 :35		SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	
6:00 :13 :30	SUNDAY MAGAZINE	GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	GENERIC REVIEW	
7:00 :30	VOICE OF FREEDOM	DINNER	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS	AND	WEATHER
8:00		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL	SATURDAY MAGAZINE
9:00							PROPAGANDA!
10:00	SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE
11:00 pm							
MID NIGHT	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW		AFRICAN SHOW		THE BIG SHOW	
1:00		JAZZ FEATURE		AFRICAN FEATURE	MEL BREWER PRESENTS		#1 PLAYLIST ALBUM
2:00		JAZZ SHOW	RANDOM CACOPHONY	THE MID SHOW			
3:00 am							

CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM from 7:30 AM to 4:00 AM

CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM from 7:30 AM to 4:00 AM

HIGH PROFILES

DECEMBER

High Profiles are 45 minute documentary style music specials, heard Monday through Saturday evenings at 8:00.

Sat	1	Mark Perry Part II
Mon	3	Little Richard
Tues	4	Fastbacks
Wed	5	Velvet Underground
Thur	6	Arts Underground
Fri	7	Cure Rarities
Sat	8	Fast Driving Songs
Mon	10	Billy Bragg
Tues	11	Neville Brothers
Wed	12	Ralph Record Label
Thur	13	Felt
Fri	14	Trade Ins Accepted
Sat	15	Second Layer/Sound
Mon	17	Kearney's Albums
Tues	18	Gun Club Rarities
Wed	19	Michael Rother
Thur	20	the DBs
Fri	21	Romantic Not Frantic
Sat	22	PROPERGANDER Xmas
Mon	24	The Barracudas
Tues	25	The Rezillos
Wed	26	Greed
Thurs	27	Flipper
Fri	28	Banana Supreme Surprise
Sat	29	Mark Stewart
Mon	31	Hot Wax Records

PROPERGANDER/PROPERGANDA

Hello darlings, would you like to semanticize with me for a while?

In the beginning (i.e. July 1984) there was Propaganda! He felt it was humourously and ironically appropriate for a program of information dissemination in the broadcast medium known as radio. Got that? Me neither. Anyway, then God saw that there were further semantic possibilities and decided to call it Propergander!, especially as He, with his Limey accent, pronounced it the same as Propergander!. Aside from the goon theory of meaning a well-dressed goose, Propergander!, as the name implies, takes a Good Look at—anything. To cut a long story short, as the song goes, I lost my mind, and both names stuck. Thus, in early August, with cheroot in corner of mouth and microphones ready for a quick drawl, the show stumbled into the vast dusty desert known as Listenerland.

Propaganda/Propergander is, hopefully, radio that elicits reaction, that tries to secure an active thinking—and questioning—audience, not a passive one merely consuming it's daily radio fodder. It is, hopefully, a program that makes you listen—whether you want to or not. It tries to do this through news and public affair stories, interviews, previews, reviews, editorials, live and recorded music and spoken voice. In short—anything. To date, the most popular items have been

live on-air performances by Emily and I, Brain-eater, as well as interviews with a punk reforestation activist and a local poet. Less popular items have been some of the more political items, but I guess we all have our quirks.

Which reminds me. Feedback is important. Do phone or write in to say what you did or didn't like about any Propaganda show (or CTR in general, for that matter). Taking this listener participation theme a step further, write to the address below and suggest a feature on anything that may be of interest to CTR listeners. If you're an artist of some sort, or you're involved in some project or other, and you feel you may benefit from an interview or on-air performance or a story on the show, let us know about it. Get involved, even if it's only to recite something interesting somewhere, or wrote yourself. Yes, even M.A. honours theses, as long as they're interesting, dig? Anyone got a trumpet-playing elephant? If you want your radio food to be tasty, then get cooking and serve it up yourself.

By the way, keep your eyes peeled for Propaganda/Propergander T-shirts, coming your way in December.

Be seein' you.

—Mike Johal

PROPAGANDA/PROPERGANDER
CTR
6136 SUB Boulevard
UBC, Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

★★★★ LIVE SPORTS BROADCASTS ★★★

GET INVOLVED!

Not only does CTR play great music, but the fingers of the station stretch and grasp for full coverage of Thunderbird sports. From football to basketball and soccer and let's not forget hockey, our sports team has the scoop. Why don't you get involved?

Phone Michael Perley at 228-3017 and tell him sports is where it's at. WE WANT YOU!

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

SUNDAYS 8 AM till NOON

DECEMBER SHOWS

December 2	George Rochberg: String Quartet No. 7 Paul Dresher: Liquid and Stellar Music Pepin: 4 Monodies for Flute Solo Pepin: Symphony No. 2
December 9	Schoenberg: String Quartet—"1897" Wilhelm Stenhammar: Symphony No. 1 Stockhausen: Mantra for 2 pianos Poulenc: Harpischord Concerto
December 16	Schoenberg: String Quartet No. 1 Steve Reich: Tehlillim Schoenberg: A Survivor from Warsaw Srul Irving Glick: I Never Saw Another Butterfly Morawetz: Who Has Allowed Us to Suffer?
December 23	Schoenberg: String Quartet No. 2 Benjamin Britten: Saint Nicholas Gerald Finzi: In Terra Pax PDQ Bach: A Consort of Carols Olivier Messiaen: La Nativite Charles Ives: A Christmas Carol
December 30	Schoenberg: No. 3 Bela Bartok: Piano Concerto No. 2 Giacomo Manzoni: Masse Andriesson: Hoketus (first time in stereo) Aaron Copland: Short Symphony Norma Beecroft: Piece for Bob *Maurizio Pollini, piano

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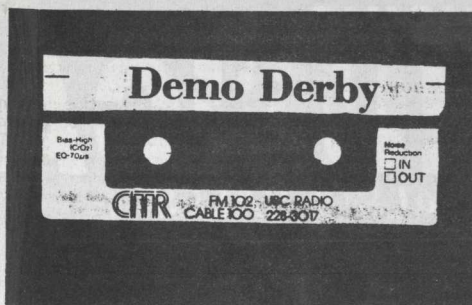
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**EASTER ISLAND - Asian Winds**

Get out y'skinny ties, it's one of those inoffensive jangly-guitar/eager-vocals toe-tappers a la French Bed-Wetters or Cast of 1000's without the textures. Limp.

RED HERRING - Live at the Waterfront

Straddling that well-worn line between going out on a limb to try something different and the safety of 'tried and tested', the red herr-

ing stops and asks: "Which way now?" The answer isn't on this 4-track cassette featuring "Love Machine" and "Tough Enough." At times it's all funky enough to make the Animal Slaves connection, other times you're left hanging, trying to find something to latch on to; sometimes mildly humorous and catchy, other times it goes on a bit. May spark an initial curiosity but I'm not sure it'll last.

Go on Herrings, take the plunge! (Herrings, plunge, gettit!)

BONGO GESTALT - 4-track cassette

Deary. Next please....

KIM CLARKE - Barefoot Boxer

Popped this 4-track cassette into my machine and whoosh! Out came the consumer in me. Whenever this happens I become immediately suspicious of whatever I'm listening to, but after a few spins of this insidiously catchy little beast I've decided it's to be recommended. Skip the title track (just another toe-tapper, really) and dig "Blisters on My Heart," which is somewhat reminiscent of the Assembly's "Never Never" in both style and delivery. Flip it over and flip out to the horribly infectious reggae-pop of "Behind My Back," the song that should catapult this ex-Cinebarperson into international megastardom. "Win" rounds off a

clean, well-produced package.

ISOTOPE - Isotope Tan

I've finally figured out what it is about those German techno-industrial bands that makes some of them quite intriguingly mysterious. It's the fact that they sing in German. No, don't laugh, I'm serious. Take this band Isotope. Their cassette comes with both English and German versions of "Isotope Tan," a tongue-in-cheek ode to the dermatological effects of exposure to radioactivity. Sparse techno-pop with a sense of humour, but the German version has an added quality which enhances the dry delivery and generally makes you want to file it alongside the Scars' "Your Attention Please" and Frankie's "Two Tribes." The fact that I don't speak German and this trio is actually from California is totally beside the point.

—Sukhvinder Johal

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UNDERGROWTH...

not a demo tape

In the finest tradition of Bud Luxford and Al Hyland comes the latest in home-brew from Collectors RPM's Laurie Mercer: **UNDERGROWTH - Vancouver '84**, a 2-cassette compilation of 44 songs by 28 bands, most of whom should be familiar in name if not music. If not in music, then this release should be the addition to your library which will rectify that state of affairs.

The bands cross the spectrum of the good, the bad and the downright ug awful. Fortunately, the last category is the least abundant, and, to be fair, some of the 'goods' are actually 'excellents.' Like the **NoMeansNo** epic, "Self Pity" and CITS's no. 1 single at the time of writing, "Blind Society" by **Bill of Rights**. Other high points include **Emily's** "Cows in the Field" and "Doomed to Fail."

These two are followed by tracks from, amongst others, **Der Mittelgang**, **Quantum Leap**, **Kevin Zed** and **Animal Slaves**, making this the outstanding side in terms of originality and variation in the music. Some of the contributions on the 'hardcore side' are astonishingly horrendous in both sound quality and execution, even by hardcore standards, but connoisseurs should be quite content as virtually all of our major hardcore acts are represented.

If you're a hippy with neo-alternative visions who's into ambience, maan, (this is beginning to sound more like a personal ad!) then the side which includes selections by **The Courage of Lassie**, **Pepperlip** and **Blair Petrie** is a must. Lots of 'industrial' stuff here—if you're of the 'working-class' persuasion. With tracks like **Goro Martin's** "Examination of a Still Object in Space," this is definitely music to which you can seriously-contemplate-the-philosophical-complexities-involved-in-the-existence-of-homo-sapiens-within-the-context-of-the-cosmos-as-a-unified-(w)hole, whilst sitting on the toilet. Seriously though, this side is more than listenable, especially after being balanced with a couple of funky electro-upbeat ditties courtesy of **Scott Devries** and never-say-die **Moew**.

Undergrowth is or will be available at the obvious retail outlets in town, and also possibly some not-so-obvious ones. It shouldn't take a university degree in investigative shopping to figure out where it'll be cheapest. The most you're looking at is \$12, a paltry sum for what is destined to become an essential record of Vancouver's music history.

—Sukhvinder Johal

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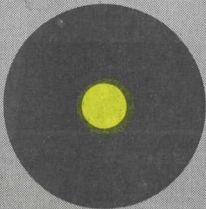
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SINGULAR SPINS



the now defunct Undertones). The Strawberry Girl's latest *Since Yesterday* (Korova/UK) flows along a memorable kindergarten melody and their SWEET SWEET voices! make you want to sing along...until you listen to the words. These girls either have a great sense of black humour or are not very happy at all. Sharkey's unique voice carries the tune on his first solo release, *Listen To Your Father* (Virgin/UK), an otherwise disposable song that swings and bops its way into oblivion. It's a long way from getting those Teenage Kicks, eh Fearghal?

FROM THE BEANER BUNKER BEAT DEPARTMENT come 12" dance mixes from **GINA X** and

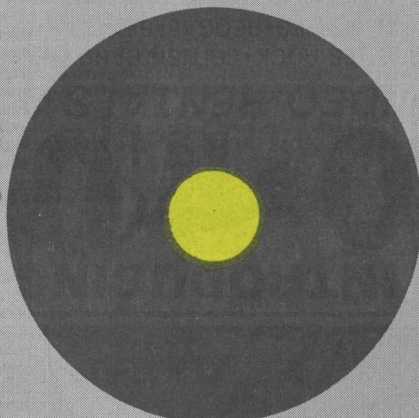
tapping and the hips swinging on their second release, *Ich Will Dich Essen (I Want To Eat You)*. A pulsating bass line and a quasi-horn section keep this ultimately repetitive drive in a class above the sort Gina X likes to grovel in, but, what I want to know is when are people going to start dancing more with their heads than their libidos?

SAY NO MORE...the long-awaited vinyl debuts from two very popular West Coast groups, **BEVERLY SISTERS** and **BEAT PAGODAS** fill the dance-o-matic void. Both feature four songs each, are upbeat, very percussive, and naturally rhythmic...no bunker beat in these grooves. While the Bev's EP rocks a little harder, the

While recent album releases have amounted to nothing short of a deluge, the past month's single pickings have been relatively slim. Out of the crop, former Bauhausian **DAVID J** takes a giant step into the limelight with his third solo release, *I Can't Stand This Shadow of Fear* (Glass/UK). Driven by a howling guitar riff you're sure you've heard a million times before and an unrelenting drum beat, ...*This Shadow of Fear* is 1984's rock anthem on the psychological horrors of nuclear war. Play this one VERY LOUD...

From San Francisco comes an independent 7" release, *Chains*, by a one-man entourage under the name of **MY SIN**. Like David J's single, *Chains* is taut with tension until it comes to its frenetic end. The production is suitably raw and My Sin's compassionate vocals are convincing enough to make you believe he's been there and back. Write to Endless Records, 22-370 Turk Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

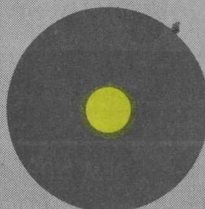
Musically less gripping but still carrying a sobering message are the two new singles from **STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE** and **FEARGHAL SHARKEY** (lead singer with



LEDERNACKEN. Gina can not seem to tear herself away from the lure of spinning wheels. First it was *Drive My Car*, and now her latest is a homage to Brigitte Bardot, called *Harley Davidson*. Ten points and a pair of crutches if you can dance to either one of them. Zeus B. Held's chest pounding production becomes nothing less than irritating on these way-over-extended mixes, and Gina's sultry accented vocals are lost amidst all the noise. CUT!...**LEDERNACKEN** succeed at getting the toes

BP's occasionally slip into a smart-my Calypso-like rut. Still, my vote for Song Of The Year goes to *Men & Women*. Great cover graphics, too!

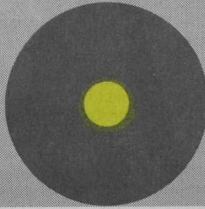
GOOD GOD, WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO CALL IT QUILTS? A few years ago, **SIUXSIE & THE BANSHEES** and **ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN** were on the brink of emerging into the popular mainstream with a lot of class and their own distinctive styles. This year, it seems they've fallen victim to their self-indulgent excesses. Both have recently releas-



ed domestic EP's that will quickly find their way to the bottom of the bargain bins. The Banshees' *The Thorn* features a new version of *Overground* (originally on *The Scream LP*), complete with violins and a completely overblown production. The other tracks drone on in a dark swirl of meandering instrumentalizations, anchored by Siouxsie's passionless vocals. Has she still got a sore throat?

The Bunnies, meanwhile, seem to be hopping lethargically to the great hutch in the sky. Maybe it was their record company's idea, but why release an EP with one mediocre single (*Seven Seas*) and pathetically listless acoustic versions of what were once good songs (*Killing Moon*, *Stars Are Stars*, *Villiers Terrace*)? Okay, so they recorded them live for a British TV program, but any potential fans in Canada are going to think twice before buying their next studio project after hearing this. Also included is a 6-minute version of *All You Need Is Love* complete with sitar, tablas and whining vocals not unlike Paul McCartney's. I don't care if they're from Liverpool, this has got to stop!

—Michael Shea

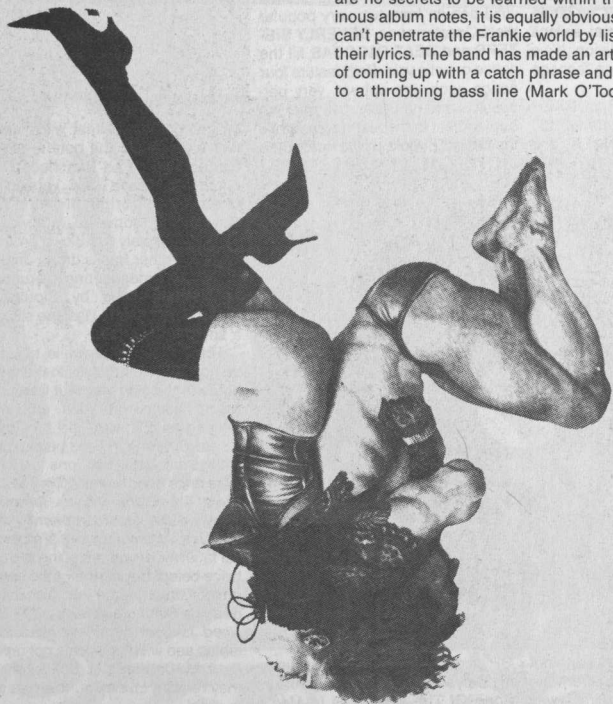


VINYL VERDICT

Frankie Goes To Hollywood Welcome To The Pleasuredome (MCA)

"Manipulation of children's minds in the field of religion or politics would touch off a parental storm and a rash of congressional investigations.

But in the world of commerce children are fair game and legitimate prey."



Words of warning from Paul Morley and crew? Perhaps. The above phrase appears on one of the inner sleeves of the long awaited double album debut by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, *Welcome To The Pleasuredome*. In fact, it's placed right next to the ad for the latest line of Frankie T-shirts, socks, badges, and boxer shorts, all available for only a few quid, of course. So what I wonder is—if this is a warning, what are we being warned of? Frankie souvenirs? Or is there a bigger picture, referring maybe to the fact that

the whole Frankie phenomena could be one giant wave of a con game for Morley and Horn to ride on their way to the bank. Problem is, I don't know.

And that's one of the minor annoyances I have with this album. Just what's going on here anyway? The packaging is impeccable and everywhere you look you find more teasing quotes similar to the one above. (This is one of the few albums where reading the liner notes is almost as interesting as listening to the actual album.) But every time I read one of these gems and somehow try to relate it to the world of Frankie I come up dry. Nothing is ever revealed. If anything, the Frankie mystique continues to grow without my even having heard the record.

So while it rapidly becomes obvious that there are no secrets to be learned within the voluminous album notes, it is equally obvious that you can't penetrate the Frankie world by listening to their lyrics. The band has made an art form out of coming up with a catch phrase and setting it to a throbbing bass line (Mark O'Toole is the

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD



WELCOME TO THE PLEASUREDOME

the hook-filled chorus and let your feet do the listening. Which is probably precisely how this album is meant to be listened to. Trevor Horn's production is simply awesome and his aural assault not only keeps the foot tapping but leaves you gasping at the grandeur of some of the sounds captured on these two discs.

By now probably everyone knows the arrangement of the sides of *Welcome To The Pleasuredome*. Side 1 has the 21-minute title opus, side 2: the singles ("Relax" and "Two Tribes"), side 3: the covers ("Born To Run," "Way to San Jose") and side 4: four new cuts. The title song is obviously the showpiece of the album and the covers are there more for the combined shock/publicity value. (I have a picture of some kid out in Surrey barricading himself in his room with all his Led Zeppelin records when he finds out that some English fan band had the gall to cover one of The Boss' tunes.) Side 4, however, is the most interesting. It contains what I would consider to be the next obvious single, "Krisco Kisses," a song in a similar vein to "Relax" and "Two Tribes." As well "The Power of Love" is a sweeping ballad featuring Holly Johnson's voice set against a towering wall of strings and piano. Intriguing stuff considering the Frankie reputation.

As a musical entity *Welcome To The Pleasuredome* is quite good. But add the Frankie attitude, the mystique, and the album becomes a curiosity, a collector's item, the household appliance that everyone wants and needs. But still, I'm bothered by the question: why? What is Frankie all about? Some years ago Malcolm McLaren tried to pull the great rock 'n roll swindle. I get the feeling that Morley and Horn were two very apt pupils. And I also get the feeling that I'm falling for it again.

—Dean Pelkey

meanest bassist to come along since the early days of J.J. Burnel) and unforgettable melody. Witness "relax, don't do it, when you want to go to it/suck to it/come," or "when two tribes go to war one is all that you can score." The title track of this album gives us "a shooting star never stops, there goes a super nova, what a pushover."

Not to imply that any of this is bad, mind you. In fact it may be the beginning of a whole new style of pop song for those weaned on video images. Don't worry about the words, just grab

The Replacements



Let It Be (Twin Tone/US)

"Eclectic"—it's a troublesome little word at the best of times. While it does imply a certain broadness of taste and style, there is an underlying suspicion about "eclectic" and eclecticism—the implication of a lack of commitment, the mark of a dilettante. In pop music especially, "eclectic" can be a kiss of death.

The Replacements have lived with "eclectic," for better or for worse, ever since last year's *Hootenanny* LP, a record that ran rampant over the various styles of American popular music. Folk, punk, heavy metal, and psychedelia were all subjected to the whims of the Replacements: singer Paul Westerberg, guitarist Bob Stinson, bassist Tommy Stinson, and drummer Chris Mars. It was Americana in a garage, which is arguably where it belongs.

Let It Be demonstrates similar versatility and will, no doubt, be burdened with the same label. But while *Hootenanny* earned its tag with a certain willfulness in its approach to the various musical styles, *Let It Be* sees the Replacements using eclecticism as a means to an end. If *Hootenanny* was the sound of a band tossing everything they'd ever heard into a hat and heading off together, *Let It Be* is the sound of a band using those same musical styles to explore the differences within the band. To write *Let It Be* off as just more eclecticism would be a mistake.

Paul Westerberg has a few years on the rest of the band, and has always come across as the most intelligent and articulate member of the Replacements. Until now, however, he seems to have been able to keep in step with the others.

On *Let It Be*, Westerberg finally shows his age. It seems to have occurred to him that there is more to life than taking speed, getting drunk, and playing as fast as humanly possible. While this is, admittedly, a laudable pastime (and reportedly one of the Replacements' favourites) teenage rebellion, by its very nature, grows stale. As Lou Reed has discovered, even punks get old.

Which brings us to a very sensitive subject in rock 'n' roll. Getting old has always been associated with becoming a boring old fart, getting a wife, mortgage and 2.2 kids, and waxing nostalgic about the good old days. From the Who to the Sex Pistols, bands have sneered and spat

on their elders, often with good reason. God save us from the aging rock star, perhaps the greatest source of nostalgic, self-pitying, self-conscious whining ever committed to vinyl.

With this in mind, it's kind of surprising to see Westerberg handle the subject of age, and the conflict between his view of life and the "let's-get-drunk-and-rock-out" ethos of the rest of the band, without falling into the common pitfalls of punks grown old. Maybe it's because Westerberg's really not that old (compared to dodderers like Mick and Keef,) maybe because the Replacements have never been rock stars, in any real sense of the word. But Westerberg manages to explore the contrast between the experience and perspective that come with age and the energy and enthusiasm of youth, with humour, compassion and insight. And without becoming self-righteous or dewy-eyed.

Westerberg's approach to the topic is as varied as the Replacements' musical side. From the ironically bouncy pop of "I Will Dare" to the raw anguish of "Unsatisfied" Westerberg comes across as a man dealing with the inevitability of aging with grace, and with his instinct and passion whole.

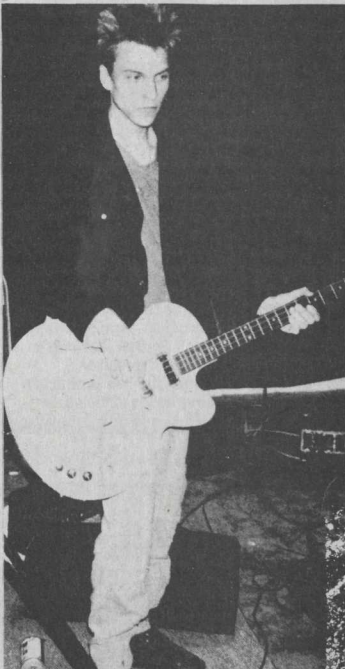
The variety of *Let It Be* makes it seem schizophrenic at first. There is a temptation to divide the record into Westerberg songs and Replacements' songs. What emerges, after a few listens, is a balanced album. There is a sort of call-and-response between Westerberg and the rest of the



Paul Westerberg

band that exists both within individual songs and within the album as a whole.

Who else but the Replacements could mix thrash guitar and atonal jazz piano in one song? Who else could get away with following a loungey song like "Androgynous" with a cover of (don't laugh, it works) Kiss's "Black Diamond?"



Tommy Stinson

It works because there is a method to the madness or (vice versa). For example, Westerberg breaks up the guitar-fuelled braggadocio of "We're Coming Out" with a bit of hesitant piano, as he sings, in a punch-drunk voice, "One more time to do it all wrong/One more night to get it half right." Likewise, the misogyny of "Gary's Got a Boner" is answered in the next song, "Sixteen Blue," when Westerberg sings, "You didn't understand anything sexual." There is an internal logic to *Let It Be*, which comes across without sounding contrived. The Replacements have pulled it off again.

There is one stray, unsettling thought that crosses my mind at this point: if Westerberg is finding himself growing apart from the rest of the band, could *Let It Be* be a prophetic title? *Let It Be* was, of course, the last album the Beatles recorded together. I hope that the title is their idea of a joke, and hope we hear more from the Replacements.

—CD

Frank Chickens



We are Frank Chickens

"Be not afraid, the isle of Japan is full of noises. Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand Frank Chickens will hum about mine ears." So, as you see, the Bard did like Frank Fowls. Over the last few hundred years Willy and I usually have agreed on such musical questions.

The new Frank Chickens' album named: (let's show some imagination) *We Are Frank Chickens*, has seven new tracks and three remixes of previously released songs. Gone is the disco dance-sound of their *Ninja* EP (well, almost), and it is a much moodier sound accompanied by a whole imagery of gangsters, monsters and Samurai warriors.

FC allow us a glimpse into the Rising Sun's soul, which I hear is somewhere beyond all the flashy Nissan, Honda and Coke neon signs that embellish the Ginza.

The lyrics, in English and Japanese, and the music both have a sake-soaked feel. This makes it very easy for all bar-mongers and budding luses to relate to the songs. There is a feeling of nostalgia for older (but not necessarily better) times when huge cities didn't cover Honshu.

My favourite is, of course, the "Sake Ballad," a song about someone drinking alone in a bar. Over Karaoke, an orchestral soundtrack of popular Japanese music, the singer pours her heart out. This is in the tradition of the Enka singer, a custom of Tokyo's multitude of bars, where any patron can grab the mike and sing about his/her problems. (This, by the way, is probably better than grabbing an Uzi and going for a turkey shoot at McD's). In Japan, it seems to work as a safety vent for big-city alienation which, as everywhere else, is supposed to be hidden.

Sounds like there is a political side to Frank Hens. They use tradition as a medium but I get the feeling they could be latent saboteurs. Kazuko and Kazumi are no geisha girls and are not to be given away. Instead, rebelling against the strict roles imposed by the male-dominated Japanese culture, they set themselves as the Chicken Gangsters. One of the new songs is called "Pikadon," the dropped flash, and is an attack on nuclear madness. After all, who is better than the Japanese to know what it's really like to be on the receiving end of an atomic bomb.

Last year I had the chance to see the Poultry live at the Venue in London. They were only the opening act but blew away everybody else. It was pure theatre—I'd even say Brechtian, especially after a few pints of bitter. Two diminutive women, two microphones, a few props and tapes. Who needs more? As Willie said: "That's all one, their play was done, and they strove to please us."

—Rockin' Patrick

Chris & Cosey

EUROPEAN RENDEZVOUS



CTI LIVE 1983

European Rendezvous (Rough Trade - U.K.)

The subject of Chris & Cosey and their efforts on vinyl since leaving the now almost legendary Throbbing Gristle, has been of late one of confused and occasionally contradictory feelings. An earlier review in DISORDER of *Songs of Love & Lust* by this writer left the impression of an attempt at commercial success—largely at the expense of artistic content. Further listening to that disc has reinforced this impression.

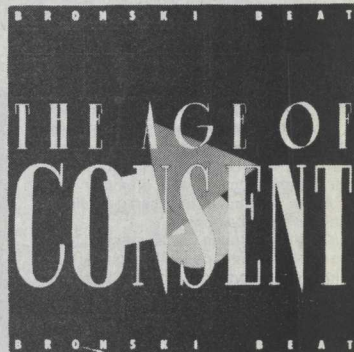
Since then, however, this duo has produced two recordings which serve notice to their listen-

ers that all is not lost—the soundtrack to a video entitled *Elemental 7* and their newest release, *European Rendezvous*. *Elemental 7* is predominantly ambient, and, while the mindlessness of *Songs of Love & Lust* is still evident, the overall content is much more rewarding. *European Rendezvous* is a collection of cuts recorded during 1983 tours in Europe with the aid of Bill Lacey, who also had a large part to play in the visual production of *Elemental 7*.

With this newest release, we seem to have hit a very happy medium. If *Songs of Love & Lust* seemed like an empty sellout and *Elemental 7* an artistic downer, *European Rendezvous* will be much appreciated for its combination of danceable electronics and dark moodiness. At least three of the nine cuts on this album qualify as dance tunes and while the rest may not, they still contain enough rhythmic organization to reassure anyone who might be afraid of a little hollow ambience. Moreover, the production is superb. The copious and informative inner sleeve notes indicate that this recording is the product of sessions in the U.K., Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany. The consistency of this album belies the various conditions under which it must have been produced. It is arguably their best effort to date.

—Larry Thiesen

Bronski Beat



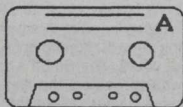
Age Of Consent

Bronski Beat is Jimmy, Larry and Steve (no last names, please). The "Gee-we're-making-a-record" sheepish grin candids on the liner filled my heart with hope of a fun-filled disc of bouncy

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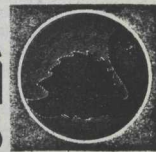
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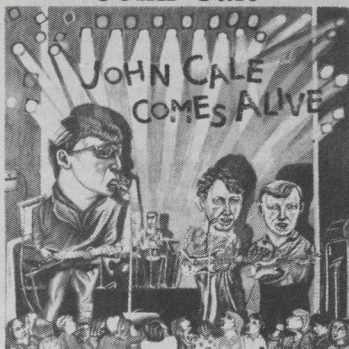
dance songs. Boy was I wrong. Bronski Beat is a band with one message, and they're using the record industry instead of the post office as a delivery service. This is not a cover of N.O.'s *Age of Consent*. The title refers to the multi-barbed issue of a minimum age for lawful homosexual relationships between men. They've even graciously included a list of such ages in various European countries as well as a Gay Legal Advice phone number on the liner notes.

Gay male sentiment serves as the impetus/inspiration for the songs of which are quite good (*Screaming*). But this album fails to gain credibility due to the almost self-indulgent manner the message is delivered. The songs are overdone, as if overkill would make it more meaningful. Lacking is the subtle sting of The Smiths, or the sardonic wit of Lou Reed. There is music on this album, but it clearly takes a backseat. It's consistent, having a bluesy feeling (feigned angst?) and a conspicuous absence of copious synth sounds, but it's also easily forgotten.

Who is this album for? Certainly not Jerry Falwell or Anita Bryant. Realistically, the up-front presentation of gay male sentiment would most certainly scare away (or incense) a majority of the record-buying population. This is clearly a "specialty record" (like a specialty beer), nor for general consumption. If you're interested in any of this, but don't want to spend all of your milk money for the next month on this import album, visit the UBC Gay and Lesbian Society office in SUB. I'm sure they have information, and probably better music as well.

—Billion.electron.Volts.

John Cale



John Cale Comes Alive

Way back when I was a child, a character named Peter Frampton released a live album entitled *Frampton Comes Alive*. Now, many years later, another intrepid soul has released a similarly titled live album. However, *John Cale Comes Alive* is not likely to enjoy the same success as Frampton's vinyl. Nonetheless, given my choice between the two, I have no doubt which one I would rather listen to. John Cale demonstrates fine control over the medium of rock and roll in the New York sort of tradition.

While Cale doesn't do anything especially

original on this album, what he does do, he does with more enthusiasm and energy than most musicians. An example of this is the opening track "Oh La La," an amusing cut rather like things done some years ago by Tim Curry, but Cale brings more energy to this genre than was ever offered by Tim. Likewise the cut "Evidence" is a solid little ditty about decadence in the lives of unwary beautiful people. Again, although this is hardly an original theme, John's way of doing it is far better, I think, than that of, say, Aldo Nova.

Although there are some rather forgettable moments on this album, such as "Dead or Alive," and "Chinese Envoy," there are also some songs worth checking into. Among these are the aforementioned "Oh La La" and "Evidence," as well as "Dr. Mudd," "Fear," and "Never Give Up" on the flip side. John also throws in competent versions of "Waiting for the Man" and "Heartbreak Hotel" but I like the way that Lou and Elvis play their own stuff better than John Cale's interpretations.

Anyway, this record does give one a pretty fair idea of what John Cale is up to these days. There isn't any one song on this record which stands out or by itself makes this record worth buying, but the overall quality is such that if you like John Cale, you should listen to this album. Okay?

—Chuck

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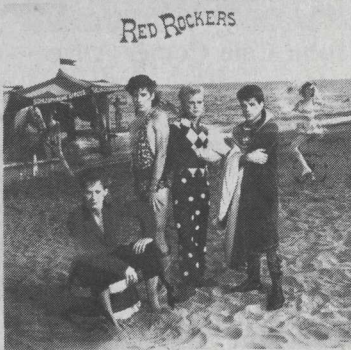
The Big Express

The thinking person's pop band returns, and it brings with it a host of topics for the thinking person to ponder. However, there is a problem facing the thinking person while listening to this album, it being the question, "is this album worth owning?" If the thinking person has heard earlier XTC recordings then this album will sound familiar. It has in it Andy Partridge's distinctive vocals and lyrics, similar song ideas to those found on previous records, and in general the whole album could be considered to be a refinement of the XTC 'sound.' Which may be part of the problem for a thinking person contemplating purchasing this record—there are no surprises in it. These songs follow much the same musical course as that charted in *Black Sea* and their other records. On the other hand many would feel that XTC's sound is rich enough to be distinc-

tive without being repetitive.

However, after listening to this album one is left with a general feeling of dissatisfaction with it. Which is unfortunate, because this album, like their others, tries to simultaneously amuse, provoke and be distinctive musically...a sort of *aural menage a trois*. But the questions "are high goals enough?" and "would this be a better album had they tried for less all-encompassing goals?" do pose themselves. These questions are impossible to answer satisfactorily and ultimately the question of whether this album is worth owning or not doesn't depend on you answering them. In short this album, though flawed, is far from being a dog and is well worth at least one listening to (borrow it from some thinking person who decided to purchase it). —Johnny Pseudonym

Red Rockers



Schizophrenic Circus

The first time I heard the Red Rockers' "Guns of Revolution" debut single about five years ago, I thought the Messiah of Punk (somewhere up there) had sent us down another savior. The band had the raw energy of the early Clash, the political sting of Crass, and the power of Charged G.B.H. How could they go wrong?

Money has a strange effect on people. Punks included. After the Red Rockers signed to the independent 415 Records label, they released their first LP *Condition Red*, a dynamite record with nary a weak cut. Then CBS Records came along, and bought the distribution rights to 415 Records. CBS means money. CBS demands commercially viable records from their bands. The Red Rockers seemed to like the taste of money, so they comply.

Subsequently, this record *Schizophrenic Circus* and the one which preceded it, *Good As Gold*, are mush. On the latter, they tried to cash in on the then popular country and western sound made the rage by such bands as Rank and File. Now, on *Schizophrenic Circus* they seemed, at times, to be pursuing the R.E.M. school of 60's sounding bands. Worse yet, in some songs, they remind me of Bruce Springsteen. Egads! There's nothing wrong with "The Boss," but, crissakes! Make you mind up, dudes! In fact, the only song I really liked on this disc was their cover tune of Barry McGuire's classic "Eve of Destruction."

The Rockers' originals are easily forgettable. I guess they do for AM radio, but I can't get too excited about them. Even the record cover is tasteless. Oh well. It's a sad thing money, t'is.

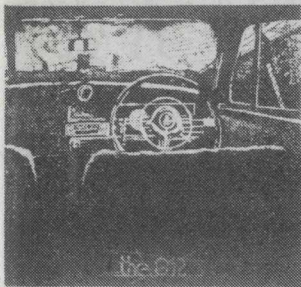
—Mike Dennis

THE
BlackBook

The Plague



The 012



Let's Get Professional (Sharp)

It is really necessary? I think not.

My mole informs me that the latest in HIP amongst armchair cynics and N. American critics with their writer's-cramped fingers on the pulse of the music scene is the everything-from-Britain-is-boring-faddish-and-trite routine. I don't know where this hip routine originated, but they're peeing themselves in their anxiety to get in on the ol' bandwagon. Hence, in any review or article, they miraculously manage to work in a dig or three. Yawn.

Look, relative to what was happening a few years ago in Britain, true, British music offerings leave a little to be desired. However, relative to the product of any other single country, and possibly the rest of the rock world combined, I think Britain's prolificity still makes it the place where most interesting and original sounds originate. Call it Sukhvinder's theory of relativity if you like. The ripples caused by the youth revolution known to the world as 'punk' were many, and they continue to flow to this day (you just have to look a little harder, that's all.)

Sitting on the crest of one of those ripples are The 012.

I don't know much about the history of these guys, but listening to this album you get the impression that you had three guys who were pissed off about various aspects of life, had (or acquired) instruments, picked 'em up—and played. Ladies and gentlemen, The 012! Simple as that. From the band that served warning of things to come with malicious cover versions of "Morning Train" by Sheena Weir Feast-on and Elvis "I-didn't-know-wealth-could-damage-your-health" Presley's "In the Ghetto" (on the *Angst in My Pants* double 7" EP) comes the debut album *Let's Get Professional*.

This crest serves to remind you of the original splash back in '76. Cue the hit list: elitism, hypocrisy, apathy, consumerism, corporate business, crass commercialism. Life. The 012 humour is snide, sarcastic, cynical. The tongue is possibly protruding from lips, but the tongue is definitely not in cheek. They mean what they snarl: "Image is everything, at least that's what the professionals told me, let's get professional/Let's all get together and form a mutual backslapping society...Let's form a Limited company like that revolutionary professional Johnny Rotten." Y'get the picture? Yes, we see, it's a garage band sale, get your nails-across-the-chalkboard guitar here folks and Keith Levene eat your heart out.

Move to the groove on the two cover versions on this record, Bob Marley's "Three Little Birds"

and "Funkytown" by Lipps Inc. Where The Dread One twitters about how life really isn't that bad and "every little thing's gonna be alright" because a bird on his windowsill told him so (would you buy a used spliff from a man who believes in talking birds?), The 012 rip the song's wimpy little heart out and bash it in with flat drums and droning bass before hanging it up with worn vocal chords. It's the way y'tell 'em. Funkytown boys go 'round the outside, dance after you've taken a chance with this album, but careful you don't scratch yourself on That Guitar, always That Screechy, Scratchy Guitar. Exquisite.

And so the album goes, tenaciously pounding your ears with an attack that occasionally drifts into unbearability even for the most masochistic, but never long enough or deep enough to make you want dubious respite by switching it off. Despite its equally limited dimensions, I'd rather listen to this than hardcore, although I'm not sure The 012 could get away with another whole album of similar...er, stuff. If you can't take even

one album's worth then you're better off blowing your lolly on the latest 12" by the Frank Chickens or something of equivalent mind-bogglingly stimulating value.

This is what you don't want but this is what you'll get. The 012 are, in a way, the working man's PIL. Take it, and it might bring you the relief you wanted but ultimately never got from the Lydon PIL, whose former antagonist is now a protagonist, whose former anti-hero is now a hero who's grown pretty vacant on the wealth of belated adulation poured upon him by that great purveyor of good taste in every urban centre—The Mainstream Record Buyer.

The 012 will probably never go disco-funk. They will probably never play live in Tokyo. They will probably never achieve mass stardom. They may even have difficulty attaining cult stardom. They will, if you give them the chance, bring bitter-sweet relief from your aural constipation.

Bands like The 012 are necessary.

—Sukhvinder Johal

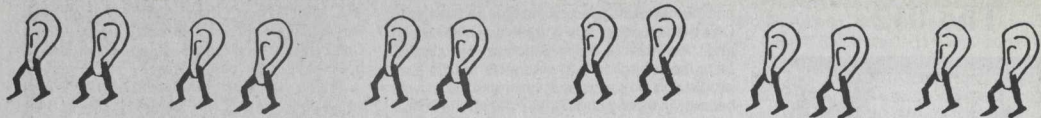
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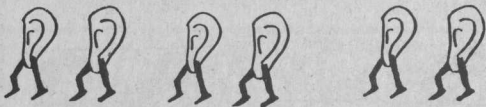
The Roving Ear

...this month from Edmonton

Equal time for the capital of Alberta after last month's look at Cowtown. The eyes of Canada focussed on Edmonton, if ever so briefly, to watch one of the worst Grey Cups in living memory. The energy might have been better spent looking beneath the crust of snow at that cold, cold city's local music scene.

While things may not be exactly frantic beneath the snow, Edmonton makes up in quality for anything it may lack in quantity. As Vancouverites who caught K.D. Lang and Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra in the last couple of months can attest, Edmonton is home to some pretty impressive bands.

K.D. Lang has just returned from what has been described as a very successful national tour. This in spite of not being seen by Bruce "I am the Canadian rock industry" Allen. As readers of that glorified press release (which shall, for the sake of propriety, be referred to only as GS) might recall, BA was asked by the management of the Savoy to actually wait in line to see Lang when she was playing in Vancouver. The GS's correspondent suggested that this snub, this slight, this heresy (imagine, asking Bruce Allen to wait in line like a mere mortal; it's too much for the mind to comprehend) would be detrimental to K.D.'s career. Evidence so far seems to indicate otherwise.



On the Hardcore front: S.N.F.U. returned from a successful visit to Vancouver only to contemplate heading off towards the sea again. The band will head down to LA to record an LP for Better Youth Organization Records. A benefit was held at the Spartan Men's Hall to raise money for the trip down and other nasty expenses. Featured were S.N.F.U., Euthenasia, Entirely Distorted, Government of God and Downs Syndrome. The disc should be out on BYO sometime in the new year.

Speaking of Downs Syndrome (as we were) look for a new 6-song 7" EP from the band in a store near you. The record came out on November 23 and should be available by the time you read this. If not—patience. In the meantime, DS have headed off to, of all places, Saskatoon. No doubt they'll be in Vancouver before long.

Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra, whose demo tape

"Gospel Surfer" made an impact on the CITS singles chart, have returned from their Vancouver dates. No plans for a record, but the band is keeping busy playing around town.

Back from the dead and back in the saddle: Facecrime, whose 4-song EP *Sex and Revolution* received some airplay on CITS last year. The band had broken up after the release of the record but now have reformed as a five-piece. And *Junior Gone Wild* are rumoured to be getting back together. (I didn't know they'd broken up, but, hey, these things happen.)



Look for a January release from Darkroom, the Edmonton band who signed with WEA of Canada. The band had the stuff ready to go for October, but the record company insisted they hold it off until after the Christmas rush. Such, I suppose, is life in the big money world of Canadian records. The LP will be the follow-up to last year's *San Paku* EP.

On the live front, CJSR, the radio station at the University of Alberta, reports great success with their monthly concert series. The shows are held at The Yardbird Suite, a jazz club operated by Edmonton's Jazz City organization. Once a month the venue is handed over to the radio hacks for a night of live music.

Other venues worth checking out if you visit Edmonton include:

Scandals: This disco has played host to a number of local and visiting artists over the last couple years. Word is, however, that the club is having second thoughts about live bands. Sources at CJSR report that Scandals' booking policy seems to change from week to week.

Jaspers: A blues club located in the city's Convention Centre, Jaspers focusses almost exclusively on blues. Recent visitors have included Mighty Joe Young.

Spartan Men's Hall: Home to most of Edmonton's hardcore gigs. (An appropriate name for a hardcore hall, I think.)

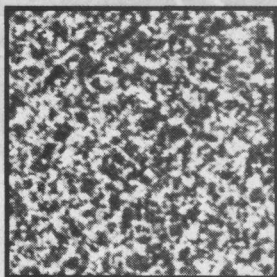
Riv Rock Room: Usually home to an assortment of heavy metal cover bands, the RRR was hosting the Enigmas last weekend. This could mean one of two things: 1.) that the RRR is becoming more civilized or 2.) that we'll never see Paul MacKenzie again.

—CD

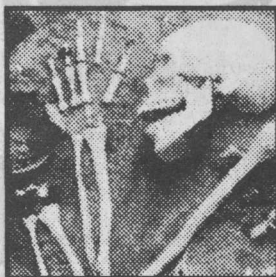
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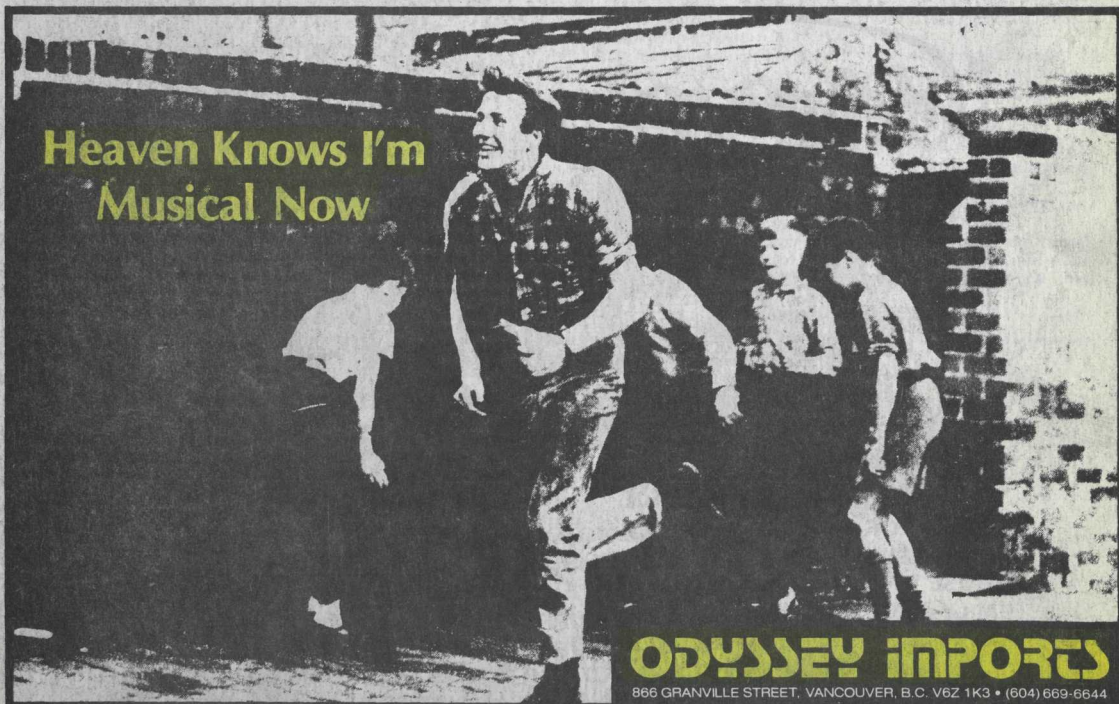
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